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Note by H. A. Lewis (View of Tolland 1733-36)

There is a remarkable entry in Tolland Baptism Register, which may suggest a substratum of fact for the story of the strangers settling on the Island (p. 5)

25 June 1800

Amram

4 years - 21st Nov. last

+  
Tobahed

9 years - 28th Apr. last

} S. & d. of Anthony Hooper  
{ No mother given  
of Love Island

Mary Kendall

Amalia Kendall

Margaret Hext

} Godmothers

Rev. William Hooper

George Bennett Esq.

John Penrose Esq.

William Beard

} Godfathers

C. Kendall - Vicar

The real Godparents are all, apparently, genuine - possibly friends & relations of the Vicar. Amram Hooper was known to some living in 1936 as a "proper old smuggler". Tobahed married a Beard & died Dec 1871, aged 81.



W. Penzance Esq.  
With the Author's compliments

LASCARE.

LONDON  
PRINTED BY E. J. FRANCIS AND CO.  
TOOK'S COURT AND WINE OFFICE COURT, E.C.

# L A S C A R E.

A T A L E.

*By Charles Tregenna, East-Ind. Journal.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.




London:

SAMUEL TINSLEY,  
10 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

1876.

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*Polferro*

30 July 51 Bridge 30.

Gen. res. Ray

VOL. I.

B

their base, but have left their rugged peaks unscathed.

The little town was inhabited, at the close of the eighteenth century, by a singular people—it would be more correct to say a peculiar colony. Their communications with the outer world were infrequent; their language appeared peculiarly their own; and their dress—of both sexes—exhibited a total disregard for the fashions of the age.

It was considered an indignity to the inhabitants to marry any residing without the precincts of the town; and, consequently, it was difficult to find a family which was not related, or in some way connected with the native stock. They were a puzzle to physiologists, for they presented no physical deterioration. Their carriage was erect, their persons well formed, and their deportment evinced no diffidence caused by secluded habits, but was energetic and bold to audacity, while their language differed as much from the singing tone of the mining population as from that of the surrounding district.

Their lawful occupation was fishing, but circumstances sometimes rendered that a pastime rather than a calling. During the war that succeeded the first French Revolution, they

were chiefly engaged in smuggling and privateering; and after the proclamation of peace in 1816, the profit and excitement of the contraband trade absorbed all their attention.

In the conduct of this trade, which required the greatest skill and circumspection, many persons were engaged.

It was necessary that the chief managers should have full confidence in each other, and persons of sedate temperament and reticence were selected as a kind of managing committee. The time and place for landing a cargo required secrecy and discretion; and the direction of the signals—previously agreed on—to be observed by the captain of the cruiser and his colleagues on shore, for the purpose of baffling the coast-guard, demanded judgment and experience.

Three miles eastward of Tregarth lay a small *Loe island* island, about a mile from the mainland. It was surrounded by a belt of rugged and threatening rocks, with the exception of a small beach on the eastern side, and it was unapproachable in a storm. On the north side it rose to a mountainous height, in a cone-like shape, and sloped away towards the south to a plain but little above the level of the sea.

*many rocks* From this a reef of rocks extended, of the most forbidding description, which had been lashed by the billows from the Atlantic as long as geologists will allow that the ocean existed, and in a storm presented a mass of foam, accompanied by a continuous roar, that told of the gigantic strife in operation.

On the top of the hill stood the ruins of a monastery, said to have been erected by St. Nun, a Gallic saint of far-famed piety and architectural proclivities, who, after having achieved great works in his native province of Brittany, crossed the Channel for the edification of the barbarians of Cornubia.

The eastern wall of this edifice was now entirely destroyed, and the western wall, with its mullioned window of rough granite, supported by a portion of the southern, alone remained to testify to its former grandeur.

Whatever sins a recluse might have committed, to have been exposed to the pitiless storms of a long winter, with the cold spray of the sea penetrating every crevice, must have been a penance of sufficient atonement.

From these monastic remains of obsolete piety was abstracted the material for the farmhouse which was situated in the plain below, itself grown old, and exhibiting many signs of



decay, but nevertheless showing coigne-stones of worked granite, and lintels of an ecclesiastical type, that plainly indicated the desecration of a later race.

There were other small buildings surrounding the residence, which were constructed for the shelter of stock, and were often made useful for purposes which the tale will unfold.

The fisherman-farmer who, with his small family, inhabited the house, is of some importance to our narrative, and demands a short account of the little that was known of him.

Some years previous to the date of this history, a stranger came to the town of Penwith, which was the nearest port on the eastern side, and hired a boat to take himself and wife to the island, on which, he said, he was about to reside. *Loose*

In what manner he had arranged for the occupation of the island, whence he came, who he was, and what were his intentions, were matters of mystery. To add to his unaccountable appearance, was the fact that his dialect was so entirely different, not only from that of the surrounding district, but also from what had ever been heard, that it was unknown what province of His Majesty's do-

minions could boast of his paternity. Nor was the wife less a mystery to the gossiping country. She seemed superior to her husband, both in her carriage and style, and her words were correctly spoken, but her conversation was tinged with the same peculiarity of tone as that of her spouse. If they had any relations, they had ceased to communicate with them, for they were never known to mention kith or kin.

Mr. Phinn, for that was the name of the islander, must have had some little wealth, for he stocked the land with as many animals as it was suited to feed; and with the profit of his farm, aided by his fishing, which alternately occupied his time, he acquired enough to provide for his very moderate desires. As he was of a very taciturn disposition, he had few, if any, acquaintances; and although Mrs. Phinn was always most hospitable to all who by chance or design visited the island, her cleanly table was spread with the humblest fare. It was the pork of their own feeding, or the fish caught by their own line: for in fishing, as well as in ploughing, Mrs. Phinn, whatever might have been her position in early life, was the frequent attendant of her husband.

In an island of such small dimensions, the

stock was necessarily limited, and seemed almost as peculiar as the inhabitants. It was no uncommon thing to see an ox and a donkey—not unequally yoked, for they were not yoked at all—drawing the plough; and at other times the whole stock was tethered on the grass, which was rendered necessary from the dangerous nature of the cliffs.

After their arrival at the island, Mrs. Phinn gave birth to her first child, a boy, whose prattle, when he had learnt the use of his tongue, seemed to render their life less monotonous; for, during the weary winters, they were unable—frequently for a month at a time—to visit Penwith; and it was remarked that when their stores required renewal, Mrs. Phinn alone paddled the boat, made the necessary purchases, with as little communication as possible, and returned with her supplies.

The boy was brought up to follow the occupation of his parents. He was taught reading and writing, for which he had to thank his mother, and he was at least as well educated as his neighbours across the water; his address, and the musical tone of his speech, rendered him far superior.

Time wore on, and a little daughter was added to the household, who brought more

cares, but, at the same time, more comforts to their secluded home.

Mrs. Phinn was better adapted for the education of her daughter, who, at six years old, was equal in ordinary acquirements to most girls of her age.

At this time an occurrence took place, apparently of very trifling importance, but which affected materially the course of her after life.

In the town of Penwith, which we have named as the nearest to the island, lived a highly-respected merchant and banker. He was a Quaker and a widower, whose wife had died when his daughter, an only child, was an infant. He was naturally very careful of her health; but the pallid hue of her countenance, and her delicate frame, became sources of great anxiety. He called in his medical adviser, to consult with him as to the best means of invigorating her constitution. He was told that change of air and change of scene were the most beneficial antidotes for the sluggish circulation of her blood; that there was not the slightest appearance of disease at present; but a continuance of lassitude might produce the apathy that terminated her mother's life.

"Canst thou tell me," said the father, much

affected by the doctor's opinion, "to what place I can send her?"

"If she were my daughter," replied the physician, "I would send her over to the island. I have no doubt Mrs. Phinn would take charge of her. There is a little girl about her own age, Mrs. Phinn's daughter, who will be a nice companion, and the novelty itself must be beneficial. I might mention, that Mrs. Phinn is a superior woman, and the girl will lose nothing by the companionship."

Acting on this advice, the Quaker made an application, as a matter of favour, and Mrs. Phinn, glad of the opportunity of giving her own child a companion, readily agreed to the proposal.

In this manner began a friendship between Edith Phinn and Lucy Weston, that lasted with their lives.

The two girls learnt their lessons together, played together on the beach—making houses of pebbles and merchandize of shells—climbed the cliffs together, and slept together.

In these occupations the summer months passed away. The Quaker visited the island every week, always making his visit welcome with fruit and new books. The girls watched his coming, and met him with merry faces, as

he landed on the beach. But when winter was approaching, he went to fetch his daughter home, which he found was attended by a painful separation.

The children, in tears, clung to each other a long time before they could part; and when the boat put off, Edith threw herself on the beach, with loud sobbing, and buried her face in the sand. On seeing this, Lucy desired her father to put back. The father and daughter again went to the shore; the Quaker promised that Lucy should come again, and that Edith should visit them at Penwith.

This somewhat appeased her; and, as everything that the Quaker promised was conscientiously performed, the visits of the two girls were continued—Lucy spending the summer months on the island, and Edith the winter at Penwith, until Lucy was removed to a Quaker's seminary in the north of England.

This interchange of visits had a beneficial effect on both. Lucy Weston's constitution was invigorated, and Edith Phinn's mental training much improved. Lucy's departure for the north interrupted their intercourse; but at every vacation their intimacy was renewed.



Edith was furnished with the new books of the period by the kindness of her friend ; and at that time there was not that shower of publications that, like a hailstorm, now lies thick upon the land.

In after years, in consequence of the absence of Lucy, their separate occupations, and different positions, they saw less of each other ; but they grew up to be two beautiful women of very opposite types.

Edith Phinn was about the medium height, and her figure was more a model for a sculptor than that of a fine lady ; for it had been the peculiar opinion of Mrs. Phinn that girls should not have their frames cramped in the stiff corsets of the age. The consequence was that her movements were more graceful, and her cheeks wore the ruddy glow of health instead of the sickly paleness of excessive refinement. In fact, the sun and the sea breezes had made her "the nut-brown maid," who was adorned with black curly hair, hazel eyes, and regular features—a beauty more of the Cleopatra style than that which shines in the drawing-rooms of the great. Her girlhood had passed in roving over the rocks of the rugged shore, and in climbing the precipitous cliffs, when often the slip of her foot would have plunged her into an abyss

that would have rendered her silent for ever. There was no danger, because there was no fear; and her apparently perilous ascents added agility and strength to her already vigorous form.

She was accustomed to the boisterous sea, and thought little of it; indeed, she rather liked to see the white foam in a stormy night, and the far-off billows threatening to overwhelm the small island. She liked to hear the wind whistling through the apertures of the old monastery, and the dash of the waves on the moaning shore.

She loved the storm, if it would be harmless; but often the tear glistened in her eye when she saw a vessel struggling to weather the headland, or a doomed bark drifting to the shore; and it frequently happened that she witnessed the most fearful calamities, for which no assistance was possible.

In her father's house she was as cheerful as good health and high spirits could make her; particularly courteous to strangers; and as her conduct to all was respectful, she exacted the same courtesy for herself. Indeed, there was no one who visited the island that was not treated with consideration. The young fishermen who sometimes resorted to



it to refresh themselves with a drink of water, or to survey the surrounding sea for some signs of a shoal of fish, were not with her Tom and Dick, but Thomas and Richard ; and it was much to their surprise that people who seemed to gain a livelihood in much the same manner as themselves should be so unapproachable.

## CHAPTER II.

THE managers of the smuggling trade at Tregarth had found that every year the difficulty of conducting it had increased, and that it was desirable that some new method should be devised for the purpose of securing secrecy and success.

The situation of the island offered many facilities. It could not be visited by the coast-guard in stormy weather, and it could be approached from sea by night without exciting suspicion. It was resolved that an interview should be had with its inhabitants, and an attempt made to unite them with the fraternity. The result was that the Phinns readily entertained their proposals, and an arrangement was made by which, when thought advisable, cargoes of brandy might be secreted on the island, and removed when a more suitable occasion presented itself.

We can reveal some of the secrets of these people now that the trade has become extinct; and it will be seen not only that large profits

were made, but that there was a pleasurable excitement in the mystery with which it was conducted, and in the disappointment experienced by the authorities engaged in its detection.

When a cargo arrived at the island, with a probability of speedy removal, the small beach before referred to served as a place of deposit, and when the island became an object of suspicion, and a search was ordered for the cargo supposed to have been landed, the kegs buried in the shingle were passed by the officers without the slightest conception that they were walking over the desired prize.

It is easy to imagine that while Edith milked the cow, and the elder Phinn gathered in the potatoes, with as much assiduity as if these occupations were their only care, and with countenances as composed and unconcerned as if rural labour was their sole delight, that they glanced at the searchers passing away from the hidden treasure, first with feelings of relief, and afterwards with gratification.

At other times it became necessary that places less exposed should be used, and excavations were made in the garden and under the cattle-shed, and more than twenty years elapsed before these depositories were dis-

covered, and to this day places of concealment still remain unknown, though at present unused.

Among the most active and most trusted of the smugglers was one Richard Lascare. In early boyhood he had been engaged in fishing; but before he had reached his eighteenth year, he enlisted on board a privateer, which at that time harassed the French coast. This vessel was fitted out at Tregarth, and within a few years, before the conclusion of the war, had greatly enriched her owners. During this time Lascare had become a skilful sailor and a hardy buccaneer.

He had experienced many a daring fight; and as the profits of these expeditions were shared between the crew and the proprietors of the craft, the proclamation of peace found him, and many others in that locality, enriched by the war. He now entered on the more peaceful occupation of smuggler. He was chosen captain of the sloop that sailed from that port, and for some years gratified his associates with very profitable results. But the Government were daily increasing their forces for the prevention of that traffic; and, as we have already shown, the occupation required skilful design and bold execution. He

was a handsome man, with a dark complexion, and his bearing was open, generous, and bold. Although he could not be called an educated man, he had wonderfully improved the little learning he had received.

The landing of cargoes of smuggled goods, and their exportation, had been of constant occurrence; and in pursuit of his occupation Lascare was a frequent visitor at the island. It might be expected that Edith Phinn, who was so different from other girls of his acquaintance, should attract his attention. Nor would it have been a matter of surprise if a girl of high spirit, that loved to battle with storm and danger, should admire the skill and bold daring of their frequent visitor; but while Lascare's interest in Edith grew warmer, and at last affected him as the chief desire of his life, the object of his affection evinced no corresponding regard. She admired the brave smuggler, he was the man she wished Heaven had made her; but the manly countenance, unswerving honour, and daring character of the sailor had left her heart untouched. All his advances were met by coldness and indifference.

On one of his visits he had seen her wandering over the peak by the old monastery, and

he followed in that direction; but by the time he had reached the ruins, the girl was seen on the plain below, at which she had arrived by a path from the opposite side. This repulse, and the many other means she had contrived to avoid him, impressed the proud man with the feeling that he was the object of her aversion, and consequently their intercourse consisted in their joint interest in the trade.

Again and again he crossed the channel, and returned to land his cargoes on the island in the silent night, meeting a warm welcome from the other members of the family, but received by Edith with the recognition of an ordinary acquaintance.

Margaret Lascare, the mother of Richard, had been left a widow for many years, and, after her husband's decease had supported herself and her son, who was her only child, by carding wool and spinning yarn. The robust constitution and energetic character of her boy, enabled him, at an early age, to maintain himself; and, by the time that the spinning-jenny had superseded the spinning-wheel, he could afford to provide a comfortable home for his mother. Fortune followed him, and, when he became the captain of the smuggling sloop, he



had acquired a competence, which he intended to reserve for declining age.

To the marriageable girls of the village he was the prize of the day; and a sudden and warm affection had sprung up among some of those damsels for old Margaret.

The old woman—who was once young—was not unacquainted with the wiles of her sex, and she was somewhat proud of the estimation entertained for her son, of which she was the medium. To all appearance, Richard's heart was untouched; and old Margaret thought it behoved her to select, when the singular obtuseness of her son had failed to see perfection.

There was a certain Theresa Batten, who was most assiduous in her attentions to old Peggy, as she was called. She would buy for her, and work for her, and relieve her of a great deal of household vexation; and to Theresa, in behalf of Richard, did his mother seriously incline.

One evening, as Lascare and his mother were taking tea together, and at a time when those faithful attendants on Peggy had omitted their usual visitation, she ventured to give him a little of her own private opinion.

“Richard,” she said—she always called him

Richard when she intended something serious, and Dick on ordinary occasions—"Richard, you wan't have me with 'ee very long. I'm a failing woman."

Her son smiled. Similar information had been frequently vouchsafed; and at this moment his mother appeared in more than her usual good health.

"You can't have your ould mother with 'ee allis," she continued; and 'tis time you should fix upon somebody else to do as I've den."

At this, the young man became attentive; for it was the first time a successor had been recommended.

"I dan't say that there baan't many nice young women in Tregarth; but I want you to have a *very* good wife, Richard."

"If I ever get married, it is very desirable," said Lascare.

"But," said his mother, "you baan't gain' the way to have her; and if you go on like this, some other young man 'ill come in, and take her off."

Richard's astonishment had now arrived at a high pitch. "I don't desire," said he, "to oppose the happiness of any other person; and, besides, I don't know who the desirable object is."



Peggy then enlarged upon the exquisite virtues of Theresa Batten—her steadiness, her sobriety, her respectability—and, moreover, that her father could come down with a handsome sum. All these advantages united made Theresa “a hangel of a woman.”

She continued to expatiate on the damsel’s endless perfections, when her son interposed.

“I don’t want you to trouble yourself, mother. I’m very well pleased with the housekeeper I’ve got. I don’t think I shall live long enough to envy the man that will be blessed with Theresa; and, if she’s an angel, I don’t think they are characters that I like. I’ve seen them on monuments, and in pictures, and they are cold-looking things; and least of all do I like *skinny* angels; and the heavenly Theresa will want all the gilding her father can give her, however rich he may be. I’d sooner have Nancy May, with all her pertness, than the angelic Miss Batten.”

Upon hearing this, which was delivered with more than usual vehemence, Margaret Lascare lifted up her eyes and hands to heaven, in deprecation of such a partiality, and left the table with feelings of great indignation.

Richard’s declaration was a surprise. He

had never before opposed her wishes. The cable of her hopes had been rudely snapped, and she inwardly prayed that she might never live to see the flaunting girl he had named the mistress of Richard's house. Old Margaret Lascare was proud of her son, and loved him intensely, and all her plans and hopes were for Richard.

It happened that same night that Lascare attended a private meeting of the smugglers.

In order that the reader may understand the object of this nocturnal assembly, it is necessary to explain the manner in which the traffic was conducted previously to this eventful night.

Whatever might be the cause—whether the attention of the Government had been absorbed by the war, or this district, in consequence of its seclusion and scanty population, had escaped their notice—the trade of this place in smuggled spirits was on an extensive scale, and comparatively free. There was, at this time, no Custom-house at Tregarth, nor even a station for the coast-guard. Cargoes of smuggled brandy had been landed on the public quay, and conveyed into the interior on pack-horses; and, when there was cause to apprehend an interruption, they were easily landed at some neighbouring cove.

The attention of the authorities at the Custom-house of Penwith was called to this state of affairs, and a stricter watch was imposed, which tended to diminish the profits, but not otherwise to discourage the trade.

An old officer was sometimes despatched to watch their proceedings, and directed to call in assistance if there should be any prospect of a seizure; but the wily smugglers enlisted this worthy into their service, and the traffic continued on its former scale.

The method of silencing the King's officer was a little peculiar. No one could afterwards say that he had shared in the profits, or given any evidence of corruption. He would ride to Tregarth on his little white pony, and would meet a trusted acquaintance. The smuggler would signalize in masonic fashion that a cargo was on the way. The white pony would then be admired, and twenty pounds offered for its purchase. The offer would be accepted, the money handed over, and the pony borrowed by the officer to carry him home. It is needless to say that the horse remained in the possession of the original owner, and was again sold, and again borrowed, as often as a landing took place, and the smuggled cargoes were conveyed unmolested into the interior of the country.

But in this changing world the best-laid schemes come to an end, and this skilful contrivance was at length superseded.

On one occasion other officers arrived, and their manner of proceeding indicated that they had received important information, for it happened at this moment that one of the cellars was filled with French brandy. They proceeded to demand an entrance; but while some of the smugglers were parleying with them on that subject, others loaded a cannon with grape, and threatened, from the opposite quay, instant destruction to any that might approach.

The daring character of the men appalled the officers. They left Tregarth in great disappointment, firmly resolved to return on the following day with sufficient force to effect their purpose; but

“The best laid schemes o’ men and mice  
Gang aft a-gley.”

The next day they found the cellar empty, and the kegs of brandy gone—no one knew where!

This last occurrence exasperated the authorities, and they adopted more vigorous measures.

Confidence was withdrawn from the gentle-

man with the white pony—a more general supervision was established—and last, and most important, a coast-guard station was built, and a naval officer with a boat's crew, under the authority of the Board of Customs, took up a permanent residence at Tregarth.

It was for the purpose of consulting on these proceedings that the secret meeting of the smugglers was held, on the night that Margaret Lascare's anger was kindled against her son for not appreciating the singular fascinations of Theresa Batten.

They were a conclave of bold, daring men—as ready to execute as they were audacious to project. The new difficulties stimulated them to more crafty operations; and various opinions were expressed on designs calculated to meet the difficulties of the occasion.

It was finally determined that further use should be made of the island; and that Dick Lascare should go, on the following morning, to make the necessary arrangements.

The appointment was by no means displeasing to the young man, who neglected no opportunity of visiting the island. He had seen Edith Phinn on every occasion that called him there. He was treated with civility and respect; but it was evident that any attentions

on his part would be deemed obtrusive, and that the gentleness of her manner proceeded from her natural disposition, and not from the warmer sentiments that he wished to instil.

The island appeared to be the happiest place on earth; and beautiful as Edith was, she was more lovely to Richard Lascare than to all the world besides. It is true that his visits were often succeeded by painful reflections; yet he always sought a renewal of them, like the moth that hovers around the flame that has scorched its wings.



## CHAPTER III.

It was with feelings of pleasure that Lascare retired to rest, after the proceedings of the meeting detailed in the last chapter. The prospect of the voyage was very bright. He would see *her* again, and she could take no offence at his visit. By eight o'clock, on the following morning, his little boat would be scudding towards the island with flowing sail. In a bright vision of the following day he saw all this; and then sleep "steeped him in forgetfulness."

But nothing could be more unlike the picture of his fancy than the dawn of the morning. No sun gilded the hills, and a dark and lowering sky threatened a storm.

The south-west wind came up the channel in gusts, and the sea-birds clung to the shore. These prognostications would have deterred most men, and at another time would have restrained Lascare; but he had resolved to take the voyage on that day, and go he would.

He embarked alone, in a fishing-boat, and

soon cleared the headland that protected the harbour; but here he found the storm greater than he expected, and increasing in violence. Being alone, he thought it prudent to lower his mainsail, and as he was driven before the wind the foresail alone enabled him to steer the boat. Now, as he made further seaward and opened on the Atlantic, the gale burst upon him with unmitigated fury; and it was only by skilful management in keeping her stem on, at the approach of a heavy sea, that he saved himself from instant destruction. He now felt that he had been impelled to undertake the voyage more from desire than duty, and a bitter regret succeeded.

“Why,” said he to himself, “am I seeking a girl that cares not for me; or rather, who is displeased at my presence; and what is there so much to lament if this voyage should be my last. I could better bear her scorn—I could defy it—than the bitter indifference that always awaits me!”

With these gloomy reflections, he looked around on the winding shore, and saw it fringed with white foam. If there was no safe approach to the island, there was none elsewhere! It was now that his local knowledge availed him, and he determined to stand for



the cove, near the southern extremity, that offered a landing.

This small inlet was bordered on each side by high and rugged rocks; but if he could possibly steer between them, he might reach the land; or, if the boat should be smashed by the breakers, he might save his life. With this view he steered for the shore, fearing that every wave would overwhelm the boat.

The alarm of the people of Tregarth, on learning that Lascare was at sea in such a tempest, can scarcely be imagined. The neighbouring hills were scaled, and spy-glasses were kept in constant use, to witness the efforts of the bold seaman; and the opinion was forced from them, that they had shaken his friendly hand for the last time. Frequently was heard, sometimes from one, and then another,—“He’s gone;” but another more sanguine man would spy him again, and again would hope return; and again the little boat appeared riding over the billows, till the deep trough of the sea concealed her from sight.

The mist caused by the storm, and the increasing distance, made the event uncertain; and while some asserted that she had disappeared, others, with equal confidence, de-

clared that a black speck still floated on the sea.

An old, weather-beaten fisherman, requested that nothing relating to her son's danger should be mentioned to Peggy; for, in his opinion, "it would be the death of her."

The warning was unheard by one, or, at least, unheeded; for a little girl ran down the hill with a speed that none could equal, and rushing, breathless with exertion, into her house, told the aged mother, that "Dick was drowned!"

Just as the people of Tregarth lost sight of the boat, the elder Phinn saw her from the island, struggling with wind and wave.

From the size of the boat, and the barked sails, he suspected that it was Lascare's; and the more so, because he was the man likely to put to sea when others would be seeking the shelter of the land.

While he gazed at the boat, now leaping over the waves, and now lost to sight in the deep valley between them, the gale increased, and nothing but expert seamanship could keep her afloat.

He returned in haste to the house, and, in greatest alarm, told his family of the perilous position of the boat, which he believed con-

tained their frequent visitor, who was approaching destruction as fast as the wind could drive him.

Without a moment's delay the four inmates rushed to the shore, and there, indeed, they saw the boat nearing the island, in the direction of its southern extremity.

Thither they hurried, and there awaited the final shock, the consequences of which they forboded.

The boat was rapidly coming on, and they distinctly saw the ill-fated man at the stern, watching the waves with careful eye, and turning the boat as circumstances required.

Terror-stricken, and almost breathless with fright, they saw her enter the creek; and now, within one minute, must the man perish, or be hurled to the shore. It was Lascare!

The undaunted man was watching the bow of the boat and the rugged rocks on either side, and endeavouring to steer a middle course. A huge wave, carrying everything before it, dashed the boat, now become unmanageable, against a rock. In an instant she was filled with water, and man and boat were lost to sight. Still gazing on the spot, they saw Lascare rise to the surface, struggling in the surf, and borne inwards by the coming

sea. But the retreating current drew him back, and another wave broke over him, and again he disappeared. Once more the poor fellow was seen struggling in the froth, and another wave floating him towards the land. A sudden spring from the shore, which the retiring sea allowed her to make, brought Edith to the nearest rock; and leaping to the furthest extremity, and planting her foot on a ledge, she seized Lascare by the collar, and held him till another sea floated him higher on the crag.

From this, by their joint efforts, for the man was strong enough to clutch the rugged projections, the sea could not dislodge him. The two Phinns now arrived to drag him from the waves, and at length seated him half-dead on the shore. The man was saved!

Edith now leapt to the land, but her lip quivered, and her face was pale. The exertion had been too much for her, and, after taking a look at Lascare, she fell senseless to the ground.

It was now time that Edith should be cared for. The men left Lascare seated on a rock while they carried his deliverer to the house. Her mother followed in anxious solicitude, for the daughter had been for many years the

pride of her heart and the solace of her home.

The wave had dashed over her as she seized the drowning man, and, carrying off her hat and shawl that she had hastily thrown on, left her exposed to the fury of the gale until the men arrived to relieve her from her perilous grasp.

Her long hair hung dripping and loose over her face and shoulders, and her garments, streaming with the salt sea, were heavy and cold. She shivered in their arms as they carried her along, but they quickly brought her to the house, and left her in the care of her mother.

They now returned to Lascare. They found him still seated on the rock in a state of stupefaction. He was bruised and weak. He had comprehended all that had taken place, but was too feeble to give assistance. They supported him to the house, and, having supplied him with dry clothing and a warm fire, he became gradually restored.

Edith continued in bed throughout the day. From the judicious applications of her mother a reaction took place, and a glow of heat succeeded, but she was too much exhausted to make her appearance.

Throughout the day the storm continued, and Lascare remained on the island for the night.

A black night it was. The roar of the sea on the whole surrounding coast, added to the constant dash on their own rocky shore, was rendered still more hideous by the screaming gusts of wind.

On the following morning the storm abated, and it was arranged that when the surf had sufficiently subsided, the two Phinns would convey their guest to the mainland. But Lascare had determined to see his preserver before he left. He resolved to thank her for saving his life, and also to say that if she would not accept his heart, she would have done him more service by allowing the breakers to do their work.

Edith did not leave her room until late that morning, being enfeebled by the exertion and the excitement of the preceding day ; and Lascare silently waited for the most important moment of his life.

When the sound of her footstep was heard, Mrs. Phinn—who was the only one of the family present—thought it prudent to retire ; and when Edith arrived on the ground-floor, she confronted Lascare.



He rose from his seat, and seized her hand. "I thank God," said he, "that He sent an angel to save me. Will you, Edith, who have risked your own life to save mine, make the life you have saved, worth the having?"

Edith expected that the young man would not leave the island without thanking her, but she was agitated and dismayed by this sudden and unexpected appeal. She was speechless. She could not look at Lascare, but cast her eyes on the floor.

The sailor gazed at her intensely. He waited a short time, and then with increased energy proceeded.

"If you can give me no hope, if you think me utterly despicable, you would have done a kindness to have let the waves dash this worthless body to pieces on the rock."

This was spoken in a tone of utter dejection. He, in turn, withdrew his gaze; and Edith, drawing a deep sigh, turned towards him. Her face, which bore the effects of recent illness, became flushed; and her first attempts at speech were indistinct.

"Richard," she said, and again her voice faltered; but there was kindness in the tone, and Lascare turned, as if subdued by the accent. "Richard, I expected that you would



thank me. I could not believe that you would upbraid me for the little help I could give you."

"Nor do I," cried the passionate young man. "Forgive me, Edith, I will never say it again. I am not worth the risk you ran. Say that you will forgive me."

"I will forgive anything that you are sorry for," said Edith, becoming calm. "I did not risk my life for anything I thought worthless; and if my regard is of any value, I must ask, in the first place, that you will not repeat what you have said; and secondly, that you will not venture again on the sea in such a storm."

"I will promise both," said Lascare, eagerly, "but may I come, if it should not be a storm?"

"We won't talk of this now, Richard," she replied. "Go home to your mother. I saw from the window above a four-oared boat coming towards the island, no doubt they wish to see what has become of you. And now, good-bye."

He kissed her hand fervently, and Edith returned to her room. She seated herself on the chair. The excitement and the importance of the last few minutes required thought and

repose. She was on the verge of something new. To what it might lead was inscrutable, but it looked important.

Without knowing it, Edith had lately been secretly pleased when Lascare arrived at the island; but she did not know she loved him till she feared he would be lost to her for ever.

Lascare now left the house, and with a lightened heart. He sought the other members of the family, and, thanking them for their kindness, said in a few days he would come to see them again. He now made his way towards the beach, for which the boat alluded to by Edith, and seen from the higher windows of the house, was steering.

As she suddenly rounded a point, which before concealed him from view, the manly form of Lascare was recognized. The men simultaneously ceased rowing, and, rising from their seats, waved their sou'-westers in the air, and shouted again and again.

Dashing the boat to the shore, they leapt knee-deep into the water, to be the first to greet him. The steersman alone was less exuberant. He sat at the rudder until they reached the shore. He was a tall old man, called John Spillar, better dressed than his

companions, and possessed an air of superiority. He had been the captain of the privateer in which Lascare embarked as a cabin-boy. Having no children of his own, he had conceived an affection for the orphan sailor; and the more so, because the impetuosity of his character required a guiding hand. He rose from the seat as the men were congratulating his friend, and was about to leave the boat, when Lascare leapt from the shore to meet him. The tears were coursing each other over the countenance of the old man. He shook his head, for the moment, unable to speak. When he recovered, his first words were,—“How could you, my boy, go to sea in such weather? I thought we should never see you again.”

Lascare felt like a truant child before his kind old monitor. He looked on the sea, and made no reply. He could not say, even to his foster-father, that his impatience to see the idol of his heart—the girl that was indifferent to him—made him defy all danger; that his impetuosity had forced him to hazard his life. He preferred to be thought reckless, ill-judging, and inconsiderate. He inquired for his mother, and was told that she was ill, in consequence of the accident that was supposed to

have befallen him ; but there was no doubt that when she saw him safe and well she would recover. He was also required to tell how he had been saved ; and not wishing at that time to blazon the name of Edith before the world, he simply told them that, after the boat had sunk, he was washed towards the shore in the surf, and the Phinns had rescued him.

They then embarked, and ploughed the sea with as much vigour as four strong men could exert ; for the inhabitants of the whole town were waiting on the cliffs to learn the result of their voyage.

Having despatched the smuggler to his home, let us survey the cove to which Lascare had wisely directed his course, and look at the rugged rock to which Edith Phinn made the desperate leap, and the broken surface over which she ran. It is only the gentler sex that could accomplish the feat on such an emergency. The two men were brave, and were determined to do what man could effect ; and it is true they afterwards scaled the rock in the midst of the surf ; but, if the event had depended on the slow process of their reasoning, the man would have floated to the shore a mangled corpse !

Woman is braver than man, and her facul-

ties are quicker ; and, while the Phinns were considering what to do, the girl had saved his life !

While the boat was speeding to Tregarth, Lascare was painfully anxious to see his mother.

Old Margaret Lascare had been a comely person in her youth ; and was now in her advanced age, with thin grey locks and wrinkled brow, a pleasant-looking old woman. The most gorgeous palace was not cleaner than her humble abode, and that was the general character of the town. Her only son was at once her love, her care, her apprehension, and her pride. She had often urged him to relinquish his hazardous occupation ; and, strange as it may appear, admired him the more that he feared not the perils he encountered.

She was engaged in her household duties, with frugal mind and feeble step, when the sad tidings arrived, which, it will be remembered, were brought from the hill, with the headlong speed of a thoughtless girl.

When she heard the words, " Dick Lascare's drowned," she clutched a chair, and hurriedly seated herself, as she looked at the child in speechless amazement. Her features grew rigid

and her eyes fixed, but not a word fell from her lips, now suddenly pale. The innocent cause of this fright became greatly alarmed, and ran from the house with as much haste as she had arrived, saying to the first person she met,—“There is something the matter with Peggy Lascare!” She continued to alarm the neighbours, who soon arrived, and carried the old woman to bed. A medical gentleman who resided in the town paid earnest attention to the case; but, from her age and debility and the sudden shock, he foreboded the worst.

As her son approached the harbour, in his voyage from the island, he noticed that there were but few of the people left of the crowd that recently stood on the quay, and only two or three personal friends remained to congratulate him on his miraculous escape. The others prudently thought, after they were satisfied that he was uninjured and safe, that with such sorrow awaiting him at home, it was not a time for exuberant exultation. His friends told him that his mother was seriously ill, and he hastened to the house.

It was thought that his sudden appearance might cause a reaction in the patient, for all the ordinary appliances to arouse her had



failed. He approached the bed, while the attendants retired, that her attention might be drawn to him alone. A faint smile of recognition lighted up her features. She certainly knew him; but it was only momentary. She again relapsed into the same listless state that preceded his arrival. It was evident that the end was certain, and could not be long delayed. Nor was it long; yet it alleviated her son's anguish that he was present when she took her last, long sleep.



## CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT two miles west of Tregarth is the Rectory of Lanwarn, where resided one of those rubicund clergymen—plentiful in those days—whose portly persons were reminiscent of roast beef and port wine. Whether it is that more learning is required, and that reduces them to the skeletons we now see, or whether they work harder and partake less of the pleasures of the table, the clergy certainly have now a less portly appearance.

This worthy rector—for in truth he did what he conceived to be his duty, and was a good neighbour and a charitable man—had two sons.

The elder had a commission in the army, and the younger he destined to succeed to his own comfortable benefice; but when this youth was about to have his name enrolled at the University, he suddenly evinced the greatest repugnance to the profession his father had selected.

From the Rectory to the coast was a very short distance, and it was approached through a lonely valley that terminated in a beach. This sunny spot, scarcely ever frequented except by the family of the parsonage-house, was situated at the extremity of a deep bay, and was protected on each side by rocky shores and lofty hills. It was a lovely spot, sheltered from every wind except the soft breezes of the south.

The clergyman's boat was chiefly used by the two boys during their vacations, and the consequence was that a love of the sea was engendered in the younger son, who entreated that he might be a sailor instead of a divine. George Millett preferred the blue to the black.

The disappointment of the worthy father was almost unbearable; but after finding that his expostulations were vain, he at last consented to gratify the preference of his son, and the youth entered, as a midshipman, one of His Majesty's ships then at Plymouth fitting out for sea.

After the usual probation, and after having added—like all our noble sailors of that day—to the glory of his country, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant; and a few years afterwards, on the proclamation of peace, he

returned, on the reserve list, to the parsonage-house.

He was a fine, manly fellow. His manners were gentlemanly, and had that inexpressible charm, which seems the peculiarity of educated sailors, of being open and frank, courteous and bold.

He had a natural taste for reading and study. He had acquired much knowledge of the different countries he had visited, and had obtained great experience in the variety of the characters of his associates. He was an instructive and pleasant companion.

On his return from sea, he was a welcome visitor at the houses of the clergy and gentry of the neighbourhood; and the more wealthy farmers, who had enriched themselves by the high prices during the war, frequently invited him to partake of their hospitality.

Residing a few miles distant from his father's house lived a yeoman, whose wealth had accumulated to that of a country squire, and whose liberality was in proportion. All the gentry of the neighbourhood were on intimate terms with him and his wife; and although they were not educated people, their association with so many persons of refinement had proved a very tolerable substitute. Their

table, for those who preferred plain English fare, was not surpassed by that of any noble in the land, and it was seldom that it was not the produce of their own estate.

The mansion, for it was formerly the residence of the lords of the manor, was an ancient structure of the Gothic style. Some portions of it had been taken down, because it was too spacious for its modern use. The chief entrance was through an arched portico, supported on granite pillars, and a grand staircase stood at the end of the entrance-hall. A passage to the left led to the farm kitchen, formerly the banqueting room, and that to the right to the superior apartments of the establishment.

The mullioned windows had given place to a framework of wood, and the lattice to ugly-shaped panes of glass. Still there remained enough of ancient workmanship to call forth admiration for the taste of a former age, and to deplore the desecrating hand of the modern architect.

The old family monument continues to adorn the parish church, and if the ancient knights were as devout as they are represented, the lords of the soil were worthy disciples of the Catholic faith; and they

address passers-by with "Ora pro nobis," as if the prayers of the faithful might lift them to a more favourable abode.

Standing on an eminence in the same manor, a dozen decayed mansions can be shown, not occupied, as formerly, by their owners, but the property of two or three proprietors, who reside elsewhere in more lordly habitations.

If the process of accumulation continue at the same rate, few, indeed, will be the owners of the land; but it is very questionable if the concentration of so much wealth conduces to the welfare of the people or the safety of the State.

It may be readily conceived that George Millett was a frequent visitor at the farm house of Tredart. He was requested by Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, who resided there, to come whenever he felt the inclination; and it could not be doubted that, during his enforced leisure, and until he should again have an appointment, he would pass much of his time with his old friends, who had shown much kindness to him in his youth.

"George," said the liberal old farmer, "you can shoot over the land in winter, and take your fishing-rod in summer, for there are more birds and fish than I care to attend to."

Many a half-pay lieutenant would have envied such an opportunity, and George Millett was not slow in appreciating his good fortune.

It was the custom of Mr. Kelly, once in every year, to visit the town of Penwith, situated on the coast, as we have already shown, somewhat east of the island. On these occasions he balanced the accounts of the traffic that had been carried on during the twelve months preceding, between himself and Mr. Jonathan Weston, the father of Edith Phinn's acquaintance.

This Jonathan Weston was a Quaker; he was also a shipowner, corn-merchant, and banker, and was reputed to be a very wealthy man.

At the yearly settlement many important transactions were brought to account, which were always satisfactorily arranged; and Mr. Kelly usually looked forward to the spending of a pleasant day with his mercantile friend.

This Jonathan Weston was a character more frequently met with formerly than now. He had been educated at one of the seminaries of his sect, and consequently the whole period of his youth had been spent in the acquisition of useful knowledge. He had besides a taste



for literature, and possessed good natural abilities.

At this time his daughter's education was completed; and on the same day that Mr. Kelly was at Penwith, she returned from the island, where she had been on a visit to Edith.

Lucy Weston made so favourable an impression on him, that on the following day Mrs. Kelly arrived and invited her to visit them for a few weeks at Tredart.

Some of our readers may imagine that they see the Quaker lady with high cheeks, broad mouth, and large feet, clothed with narrow skirts and a coal-scuttle bonnet, carrying tracts about to the houses of the poor, that urged them to abstain from intoxicating drinks, and taught morality as a substitute for religion.

This is exactly what she was not. Whether she ought to have been carrying tracts or not, we do not know; but if all good Quaker ladies are so employed, truth obliges us to say Lucy Weston was not one of them. She had either associated with a class of ladies who thought the time had arrived to dispense with those antiquated customs, or her own taste caused a repugnance to them. She so far departed from the usage of her sect, that "*thee*



and *thou*" were discontinued, except when addressing the stricter members of the Society.

In dress she wore, indeed, the Quaker colours and the obnoxious bonnet; but the skirt of the dress was more ample, and the material of the richest quality; and the bonnet—always of the colour of the dress—was so modernized that it became the very pretty face it only half concealed.

At this moment she was in the full bloom of youthful beauty. Her face was perfectly moulded, her complexion surprisingly fair; her eyes were dark and bright, and her forehead would have become a coronet. Her jet-black hair was parted in the Madonna fashion, in accordance with the custom of her sect, and was most suitable to a countenance otherwise so richly adorned.

In many of these characteristics she was the opposite of Edith Phinn; and yet the taste of people differs so much that some would prefer the island maid. There was more energy of character in Edith, which was expressed in her countenance; but the intellectual repose of the Quakeress indicated a mind relying on itself; and in her happier moments the bewitching humour that played around her pretty mouth exacted the admiration of all beholders. Often

an intellectual expression will redeem a homely face; but where intellect and beauty are united in a countenance beaming with the variety of the expression of amiable feelings—presenting a new phase at every turn of the imagination—it is a power, for good or for ill. If for good, its influence is generally unrecorded; if for evil, it is blazoned before the world; and mighty men fall under the enchantments of Scotland's Mary, and Egypt's Cleopatra.

If female education is not, at this time, what it ought to be, it was formerly deplorable.

Young ladies returned from boarding-school “highly accomplished”—that is, they could dance, sing, and play; but they could boast of little besides. How few authoresses were there at that time, compared to the number that now furnish pleasure and instruction to the world.

There was Hannah More, and Jane Porter—the one seldom read, and the other destined to discover a mine for Sir Walter Scott to exhaust.

Lucy Weston was entirely deficient of those accomplishments; she could neither play, sing, nor dance; but, in lieu of them, she had a perfect knowledge of the English language, which was spoken with a musical tone and a charm-

ing modulation. She was fully acquainted with all histories, ancient and modern ; had a perfect knowledge of the political events then taking place in Europe ; possessed a great love for literature, and thoroughly appreciated the beauties of our best poets.

An education so entirely practical could only be had at that time at an institution supported by the Society of Friends ; and so good a use of it could only be made by a person of superior ability. She was an ardent admirer of the beauties of nature, and would ponder with unspeakable delight over those historic ruins which still exist in remote localities, where the renovating hand of man has not obliterated them with his ruthless improvements. Her poetic mind would people them again with the ancient inhabitants ; again would the belted knight issue forth to war, and the hall resound with the festive mirth of ancient wassailers.

The invitation of Mrs. Kelly offered a very pleasant diversion to Lucy, and was very acceptable to her father ; for he wished to keep on good terms with the wealthy farmer, whose transactions were too profitable to be disregarded ; and the visitors at Tredart were persons whose acquaintance it was desirable to cultivate.

In this unfathomable world of ours, in which the future is inscrutable, what great events follow circumstances the most minute! If Charles had been a wise sovereign what would have been Oliver Cromwell? If France had continued a monarchy, what would have been Napoleon? What trifling accident was it, in the lives of these men, that led them to future fame? We shape very little of our own destinies. We are apparently the creatures of chance. So unimportant are the first causes that direct our course, that they become lost to our recollection. This visit to Tredart was the turning point that affected the after-life of Lucy Weston.

## CHAPTER V

MR. AND MRS. KELLY were proud that the scrupulous, but highly-esteemed and wealthy banker had permitted his daughter to visit them; and were pleased with the unpretending yet elegant deportment, the great information, and the inquiring mind, of the gentlewoman who was their guest.

Lucy Weston spent the earlier days of her visit in the calm enjoyment of her new abode. She unravelled the intricacies of the old manor-house. Here was an oratory, with its small, deep window; and there were the dormitories. On the capacious hearth they placed the trunks of large trees, and the yule-log that lasted the Christmas-tide.

They were, perhaps, rude people, she thought, that lived in this old mansion; but she doubted whether refinement had made the world happier. They had not the delicacies of modern times; but their few wants were supplied with greater abundance. Civilization brought many pleasures and many anxieties.

One evening, as they were sitting together, Mr. Kelly said he could give his guest a great treat, if she could rise early.

“My friend, Mr. Rundle,” said he, “is forty years old, and a short time since he rose early enough to see the rising sun; and he lamented, with tears in his eyes, that he had never seen it before.”

“If you wish me to rise early enough to see it,” said Lucy, “I will do so, on one condition; and that is, that you will cease to call me Miss Weston. I have been plain Lucy all the days of my life, and Miss Weston seems foreign to me. My father’s servants call me Lucy: and you, who are in every other respect so kind, are so cruel as to call me by that unfriendly name. Now, if you will promise to call me Lucy, I will rise to-morrow morning as early as you choose to call me.”

On the following morning, Mr. Kelly and Lucy went over the fields to the highest point. At first, the blush of the morning rose to their gaze, and then the deep red sun, like a globe of fire, rising from the earth. Lucy was enraptured with the most glorious sight she had ever seen. Nor was that the only thing that repaid her trouble; for never before had she heard, sounding from a hundred hills, the low-



ing of the cattle—the bleating of the sheep, with the thin small voice of their tender young—the singing of every kind of bird from wood and field—all echoing from hill and dale in harmonious variety, and uniting in one loud pæan in honour of the dawn of day.

“In listening to this immense variety of sounds,” said Lucy, “that appears as if all nature was praising the great Maker of all, it is a melancholy reflection that man alone is silent. I imagine that the world is becoming more pretentious, and less real. There rises the tower of your own church, Mr. Kelly, looking like the sleeping beauty of the fairy tale. Where are the matins now? You profess an advanced purity, in comparison with the Roman worship; but the old churchmen rose with the lark. Your faith may be purer, and, for anything I know, that may compensate for the slothfulness of your devotions. There are your beautiful cathedrals—no doubt intended by the ancient Christians for the daily service of God; but what are your deans and chapters doing now? They have their matins at noon, and their vespers—never.”

“There is much truth in your accusation, Lucy,” said Mr. Kelly; “but I must defend my own Church, by an attack on yours. You



have been delighted with the singing of these charming birds,—why do the Christians of your creed never sing?”

“That,” said she, “is a question I have frequently asked, and can get no satisfactory answer. I am told that George Fox did not think it necessary. I am afraid I am not orthodox. Why have we tuneful voices, and ears pleased with sweet music, if neither are to be gratified? And why must George Fox supersede the Bible? But here is Mrs. Kelly waiting breakfast.”

It was in the afternoon of this day that George Millett called at Tredart. Mr. Kelly was not at home; he was seldom at the house during the day. He was generally superintending his farm, or taking journeys on business.

Mrs. Kelly, therefore, introduced George Millett to Miss Weston. They were soon on easy terms with each other; for they were both unaffected in their manners and conversation. They passed the afternoon pleasantly, for they were left much alone, Mrs. Kelly, either accidentally or designedly, being engaged elsewhere.

After tea, the Lieutenant rose to depart, when Mrs. Kelly said, “Will you kindly come

over one day, and show Lucy Weston the old encampment, for it can only be seen to advantage by walking to it, and it is too great a distance for me?"

"I shall be most happy to accompany Miss Weston," said George; "and, if agreeable, I will come over to-morrow."

He had been very much surprised at the style and conversation of Lucy, and thought it would be an agreeable visit.

"Now, in the first place," said Mrs. Kelly, "you must not call Lucy Miss Weston, for that is an unpardonable sin, seeing that she is a Quakeress; and on that point, at least, you must respect her religious scruples; and then, you must really make up your mind to give some reasonable account of the embankments, for you won't have me to deal with. The fact is, Lucy, that this gentleman has given two or three versions of what these fortifications were, and has so confused my poor brain, that I am afraid now to speak of them, from fear of committing myself. If he had left me alone in my happy simplicity I should have succeeded well enough; but when he told me—what a curse learning is!—that Roman camps were quadrangular, and therefore this could not have been one, upon recollecting what a

goose I had made myself to so many people, in calling it a Roman camp, I held my breath in astonishment. But I've had my revenge. After that, I told the people what George Millett said it was; and now I'm happy to say that all the world believes that it is a fortification of much older date."

George was about to explain, that "on opening one of the barrows—"

"Now," interposed Mrs. Kelly, "you are come to the barrows, I must ask you to reserve all explanation of them, and also of the stone coffin, or *cist vaen*, as you call it, for Lucy. I've had enough of it. And, as you were about to depart, I won't be so rude as to detain you; so, good-bye, George, and dine with us to-morrow. We shall dine early, that you may have a long afternoon."

The sailor, baffled in his attempt at an explanation, took his leave of them, and on doing so said to Lucy,—"I can fully explain how I was mistaken; and I hope you will reserve your judgment, and not condemn a poor culprit without hearing his defence."

After this little encounter, the Lieutenant left for his home.

"Now," said Mrs. Kelly to Lucy, "tell me

what George was talking about all the long time that I was away."

"I expected," said Lucy, "that he would have discoursed of Nelson and the wars; but, I suppose, as you warned him to respect my prejudices, he was too polite to do so."

"No, my dear, that was not the reason; although, to do him justice, he is never personally offensive. He never talks of his battles unless asked to do so, although he acted so nobly during the war that Lord Nelson more than once placed his name in the *Gazette* among the officers that had distinguished themselves. I shall never forget the delight of the old gentleman, his father, when the news arrived. He rode over to show us the newspaper, and it was the only time I ever saw his fat pony heated with the journey. I suppose George thinks if he talks of the wars people will suppose that he likes to talk of himself; but if you could be so sinful, at any time, as to listen to him on the subject, it would be worth a small penance to obliterate the crime. I don't object, myself, to a little priestly punishment, provided that the pleasure of my delinquency is proportionate. But what did he talk to you about?"

"We were speaking," said Lucy, "of your

antique residence, and of this beautiful, undulating country, with its rivers and woods, and that led him to speak of the ancient park of the Mohuns. He said that he had seen many larger parks, and more ornamental grounds, but had never seen any that were so naturally beautiful. I happened to have seen those grounds, and I fully agree with him. But he forgot that I was a Quakeress, and wished that there would be an insurrection in the country, and that the insurgents would take shelter in that horrid house that disfigures the landscape. He furthermore wished that he might be appointed the commander of a naval brigade to storm it. He would plant his battery just below the monument, and in ten minutes that ugly fabric should no longer disfigure the beautiful country. He'd smash their casements for them; and, at least, he would do one charitable deed—he would give them an opportunity of building something more in accordance with the beautiful site. I asked him what would become of the poor insurgents? He then begged my pardon for mentioning such a subject. He was afraid I should think him a bloodthirsty monster; but he assured me that, in his desire to destroy the house, he had forgotten the inmates,

except as an excuse for blowing the place to atoms."

"What do you think of him?" asked Mrs. Kelly.

"It is very early to give an opinion," replied Lucy, "having seen him only once. The naval officers of my acquaintance are staid, worn-out old men, and they certainly express their opinions with more sobriety. I have heard of these rollicking sailors, but it is the first time I have met one. I must acknowledge that his rattle is very amusing, and has a groundwork of good taste, and good sense besides. I am looking forward to our trip to the encampment with great curiosity; but how could you be so severe upon him?"

"Because I like it," said Mrs. Kelly, "and because I think he likes it; and because—which is the best reason of all—he deserves it. What right had he to destroy my pretty Roman camp, that I have been showing for so many years, and giving such minute explanations of?"

"But, my dear Mrs. Kelly, I think he has given sufficient reasons why it was not a Roman camp."

"And it is for that I cannot forgive him. If it had been doubtful, I would have fought



it out with him, but those horrid Romans made their camps square, or something like it, and this George Millett has made it known. He has overthrown my old tale, and brought no reliable new one, and my occupation's gone. I should like you to see his brother, the soldier."

"Oh! I know him," said Lucy. "He is about the same height as the Lieutenant, but much slighter. He is as stiff as if he had been bound with iron hoops. If he speaks to you while standing, he turns his whole body round, as if performing the "right face"; and if he happens to speak to you when seated he turns his head to a right angle with his body, to the command of "eyes right." When he has nothing else to do, he is pointing his moustache, and thinks all eyes are admiring him."

"You are quite right; but when did you see him?"

"Oh! I have never seen him, but these mighty killers of men abroad, and of ladies at home, are all alike, and very insignificant creatures they are."

"Your description of those popinjays is very just," said Mrs. Kelly; "but I am surprised at your military information. I thought

your society too much opposed to those warlike proceedings for you to know anything about them."

"I know nothing of the army more than I have accidentally seen in large towns," said Lucy; "but my knowledge of drill has been acquired nearer home. Mary Treloar and I frequently walk on the parade facing the sea, and there the volunteers are drilled, commanded by that famous lawyer and doughty hero, Captain Chubb."

"I know him," said Mrs. Kelly. "It is that little puffy man, with the powdered hair and the pigtail tied with black ribbon, and the light pantaloons, buttoned close at the ankle."

"Yes, that is the redoubtable captain; but his appearance is different on parade. There he struts about in a blue coat, and sword, and belt, and in trowsers large in the leg. But the most amusing part he plays is the use he makes of his little spindle legs when the big guns are fired. 'When I say fire,' said he, 'wait till I'm around the corner.' He gave the word of command, and then ran off with an agility perfectly surprising. 'I'm afraid, Captain Chubb,' said Mary Treloar to him, 'you will never achieve glory at the cannon's mouth so long as you are afraid of the butt

end.' I am very glad that Napoleon never saw our volunteers; they were not calculated to inspire terror."

"Were you at home," said Mrs. Kelly, "when they feared the French would land?"

"Yes, it was in my winter vacation; and a very horrible night it was. Orders were forwarded by the Government that, if the enemy should land, the inhabitants should burn the town, and proceed for shelter to Launceston Castle. Two nights after that, we were preparing for bed when we heard a great commotion in the street. Then the big drum sounded through the town, beaten with all the vigour that young Parnell could apply, calling the volunteers to arms! The signal-lights could be seen on every beacon from the Bolt to the Dodman. A hundred fires were blazing on the coast, and everybody was in alarm. Not a single soul went to bed that night; the men were frightened and the women were crying. There was only one person that had confidence in her resources. That was Betty Welsh, a lone widow, who lived in a house of two rooms. We sent Rachel out to gather the news, and as she passed through one of the streets, Betty heard her voice. Rachel, good soul as she is, is not very soft of speech, and as everybody

knows her, everybody speaks to her, so it was no wonder that Betty heard her. Throwing up her window, and putting her head out in the dark, she asked if that was Rachel?

“ ‘ Yes,’ was the answer.

“ ‘ Do you know, Rachel, that the French be coming?’

“ ‘ Yes, Betty; ’tis sad times!’

“ ‘ I don’t care a pinch of snuff for the French!’ said Betty, ‘ for I’ve shut up the lower room, and live up here. I’ve put the chest of drawers against the door, and the round table against the chest of drawers, and the French may come as soon as they like.’ Poor Betty would have found her poverty a better safeguard than her barricade.”

“ What was the cause of the alarm?” said Mrs. Kelly.

“ It turned out that an English frigate mistook our shore for the French coast, and hoisted the enemy’s flag from fear of capture; and she was supposed by the authorities to be the advanced ship of the French fleet.”

“ You mentioned Miss Treloar’s name just now,” said Mrs. Kelly. “ Is it true that she is engaged to the clergyman that serves Leyland Church?”

“ I don’t know; but he is a frequent visitor

at the house. I am intimate with her, and, indeed, she is the only companion I have, except Edith Phinn, and Edith finds it inconvenient to come often. Mary is a remarkable girl. She is very intellectual, and her humour is very rich and peculiar. She says the most amusing things, and causes the greatest merriment in those around her, while *her* countenance is as grave as if she were preaching a sermon. The clergyman you spoke of is also a very remarkable man—I might say a fascinating man. His manners are quiet and gentlemanly, and he dresses with perfect taste. Perhaps he would not be called handsome, but there is a keen expression of countenance and brightness of eye that are more striking and attractive than a merely handsome man would be. His knowledge of men and books is very great, and he is the best reader I ever heard. He is most charming, and my opinion is that Mary Treloar will become Mrs. Blackmore, and the wife of a parish priest.”

George Millett also, on his way home, was thinking in the following manner of his new acquaintance. “What a pity that a Quaker should have such a daughter as that! What a musical voice! By George, what a soprano she would make! And not able to sing a note! I

believe these Quakers are no Christians, at least, not according to the modern acceptation of Christianity. I nearly asked her if she had seen the new quadrille. However, she is a charming girl, and I shall see her again to-morrow."

On the following morning Mr. and Mrs. Millett and George were sitting at breakfast.

"Where did you go yesterday, George?" inquired Mrs. Millett.

"I went to Tredart, but Mr. Kelly was away. They have Miss Weston there, the banker's daughter, and a very nice girl she is. Mrs. Kelly inquired for you both, and I made a little blunder in answering for your august personages."

"I don't see," said Mrs. Millett, "what blunder you could have made. We are both very well, and I suppose you said so."

"Yes, I did, and if it had stopped there, it would have been all right; but I said the governor was going about the farm in his black breeches, drab gaiters, and swallow-tail coat, like another Africanus."

"What?" cried Mr. Millett, and burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter that he, in black breeches and drab gaiters, should be like the celebrated Roman general.



George went on demurely sipping his coffee, and Mrs. Millett was not quite aware of the mistake.

“And why shouldn’t you be like a Roman general, my dear?” said she.

At this the old gentleman, thinking of the swallow-tail coat, went off again, and could not restrain himself, until the tears came to his eyes.

George inwardly enjoyed his father’s amusement, but gravely went on with his breakfast.

“And what did they say?” asked Mr. Millett as soon as he had recovered.

“Miss Weston said she understood that you were a clergyman and not a general, and asked what new Carthage you were about to destroy. I said I did not mean that one, but the other fellow that followed the plough. ‘That, I think, was Cincinnatus,’ she said.”

Here the parson again burst forth, and, when he recovered, asked if they did not laugh at him.

“Oh, no,” said George; “Mrs. Kelly did not know that Africanus was not a ploughman, and Miss Weston smiled, not in triumph, but very sweetly, as much as to say,—‘You have mistaken the names.’ In fact, Miss Weston is a lady.”

“I quite agree with you, George,” said his mother. “It is a little episode of that kind that reveals the character. It has the true ring. Many a fair damsel, that was not a lady, would have triumphed at your expense,—not that your countenance would have blenched,—and have flourished off in her superior information.”

“I will say this of the Quakers, though I owe them no love,” said Mr. Millett, “they educate their daughters as human beings; and not as we do, who bring them up as if they were of no use but to frisk about like the dancing puppets on a French organ. You would not get into such scrapes, George, if you remembered the old proverb, ‘let the cobbler stick to his last.’ Your classics were cut short by going to sea, but Scipio Africanus in black breeches and drab gaiters beats all the likenesses I ever heard of.” At the conclusion of this speech the old parson laughed again.

George was well pleased that he had afforded them so much amusement, and, rising from the breakfast-table, said if his father did not want the pony he should ride that morning to Tregarth.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE following day, which was appointed for the visit to the encampment, was one of those rainy, disagreeable days, that frequently disappoint the most sanguine anticipations.

Revolving in his own mind what course, under the circumstances, was most desirable, George Millett determined to fulfil his engagement. As he arrived at Tredart, Mrs. Kelly met him in the entrance-hall, and said, "You are a faithful knight-errant. I expected you; but if you think that Lucy Weston is going on an antiquarian expedition to-day you are very much mistaken. I am answerable to her father for her health while she stays with us, and I forbid the excursion; but I hope you will kindly stay the afternoon with us, because Mr. Kelly is obliged to attend a parish meeting, and we shall be left alone."

"I came on," said the Lieutenant, "because I expected the rain would clear off," ("I don't believe you expected any such thing," thought Mrs. Kelly); "and, in that case, we might still

go ; but if you are of opinion that it would be undesirable, I shall be most happy to spend the afternoon with you, and we will appoint some other day for the exploration."

After dinner, Mr. Kelly begged to be excused, as he had to attend a previous engagement ; and Mrs. Kelly made the wintry day as cheerful as a blazing fire on the hearth could make it.

"Now, George," said she, "I must beg you to fight some of your battles over again ; for, although Lucy does not approve of your proceedings, she does not object to hear, as a matter of information, what you wicked people do."

"I am afraid," said the sailor, "I shall be performing a very disagreeable part in showing how wicked the British navy is, and, in painting myself and comrades in very odious colours, as it cannot fail to appear to one of Miss Weston's opinion ; but I can tell of an accident, that occurred the other day, of a very remarkable character. I said, '*Miss Weston*,' but I am in fear and trembling, whether I ought to say '*Lucy*' or not."

"Then, I think I will interpose my authority," said Mrs. Kelly, "as it is a matter of etiquette. You shall call Miss Weston *Lucy*

and Miss Weston shall call Lieutenant Millet *George*."

Lucy smiled at this arrangement, but said nothing.

"Now then, George," said Mrs. Kelly, "what is your remarkable story?"

"I rode down to Tregarth this morning," said he, "and I found the people there in a state of gloomy excitement. There was very little business going on, and the people were standing together in small groups, talking to each other.

"I inquired into the cause of the commotion, and I will now tell you all the particulars, so far as I know them.

"There was formerly in our parish a poor but very worthy man, who, to improve his circumstances, removed to Tregarth. A few years after he had changed his residence, the man died, and left a widow and an only son.

"This son went to sea, at first in the privateer that hailed from that place, and afterwards, I am sorry to say, in a smuggling craft. I cannot forgive a man that cheats the Government, for the money is expended in paying those who fight abroad, for the purpose of keeping peace at home."

Here Mrs. Kelly smiled; for George had

just taken, with her husband, his after-dinner glass, from brandy that had not enriched the Exchequer.

Lucy very mildly interposed,—“The Government cheat the people so much, that I am not quite sure a reprisal is not perfectly right. I do not approve of smuggling, not because the Government is defrauded, if it can be called so, but because the trade is mischievous to those engaged in it.”

“Well,” said George, “I beg pardon for introducing a debatable subject, and will proceed with my story.

“This boy that I told you of, now a young man, and, barring his occupation, a very worthy fellow and a good seaman, put off from Tregarth for the island in an open boat.

“A tremendous storm came on, blowing great guns, and no chance of shelter on any part of the coast. He steered for a cove on the island that I know very well, because, last summer, my brother John and myself spent a day there, and landed at the same cove.

“There was but little chance for the poor fellow, for those rugged rocks are the most dangerous that can be imagined.

“The people on the island saw the boat



coming on, and went to render what assistance they could. The boat was smashed on the first rock, and the poor fellow was tossed about in the surf. The two men were standing on the shore, as well as Phinn's wife and daughter; but they could give no assistance. At last, the girl leapt to the nearest rock, ran to the further side, caught the man by the jacket, and held him until the men from the shore came to her assistance. They then got him, half dead, to the land."

The two ladies listened with earnest attention thus far, when Mrs. Kelly remarked,—  
"It was a very noble deed; but why did not the two men exert themselves in the first place?"

"I think I can answer that," said Lucy.  
"That girl is one of a thousand, as fleet as a roe, and as daring as a lioness. I lived on the island for several summers, and had her for my companion. Many a time I have shuddered to see her climb the cliffs, with nothing to hold by but tufts of grass or an ivy-shoot, and this she would do for the purpose of plucking a flower that had taken her fancy, or for the sake of taking the nearest road. She is the most lovely brunette I ever saw, and is as affectionate and gentle as she is high-spirited."

"Why, you are quite in love with her," said Mrs. Kelly.

"I am, and have been in love with her for many years. She is the dearest friend I have, except my own dear father. You may think that I am very enthusiastic in her praise; but I assure you I have good reason."

"Have you any other news, George," said Mrs. Kelly.

"Yes, and it is a continuation of the same story.

"Old Margaret Lascare was frightened by a report that her son was drowned, and struck speechless. I am sorry to say she never spoke again, although she lived long enough to see her son return, and smiled when he entered the room, but the power to speak had passed away.

"The most remarkable thing is, that the girl that saved Lascare, who before this accident showed great indifference to him, if not aversion, has received him as her accepted lover."

"I don't think there is anything very remarkable about it," said Mrs. Kelly. "If the man's pride had allowed him to propose, and to submit to the chance of a refusal, she might have engaged to marry him before; but the

girl was as proud as Lascare, and would not meet him half-way, and she was right."

"Thank you, Mrs. Kelly," said Lucy; "I was myself about to take up arms for Edith Phinn, although we are not supposed to be fighting people. I was going to say Edith was right, whether she treated the man with indifference or not, for there is not a more frank or noble person alive. If the man be really so fortunate as to win her, she is worth the risk he ran. Some of the happiest hours of my life have been spent in roaming about the island with Edith. We should be much better if we lived more in the open air, and less within stone walls. I have seen her climb the steepest heights of the island, as fearlessly as if she were walking on the green turf. With the wildness of an untamed colt, she is as gentle as a lamb; and the tone of her musical voice, and her well-bred manners, are perfectly charming."

"Surely," said Mrs. Kelly, "you must be drawing a picture from your imagination in calling your wild island girl *well-bred*."

"No, Mrs. Kelly, I will not recall it. The style of her conversation is very winning, and her deportment is extremely good; and so is that of her mother, from whom, I suppose, she derived it. Mrs. Phinn was born and bred

a lady, whatever may be the cause of her reduced circumstances; and she has so trained her daughter—who, by the way, was a very apt pupil—that she is superior to many young ladies of higher pretensions. Their appearance in this neighbourhood is a great secret, that even their daughter is not acquainted with, but I say again he is a happy man that marries her, if he be the Emperor of all the Russias.”

“I think,” said Mrs. Kelly, “that we lose a great deal of enjoyment, and the opportunity of doing a great deal of good, from the conventional usages of society.”

“I am glad to hear you say so,” said Lucy, “and we are cowards, abject cowards, to yield to the opinion of the unreasonable and unthinking world. Why could not I, as well as Edith Phinn, do something useful? Why should not I make your butter, feed your poultry, and milk your cows, if you were not afraid the world would know what your visitor was doing? And I should be afraid—but I will not be afraid if you will let me do it.”

“I think,” said Mrs. Kelly, smiling, “you must first serve a short apprenticeship before I could entrust these things to you.”

“That I will gladly undergo,” continued

Lucy. "But why must *we* do all the useful things, and this gentleman sit dangling his arms, with nothing to do? Do you know, sir, that we are to have a perpetual peace, and that your armour will never again be wanted? Why don't you beat your sword into a plough-share, and go to plough?"

"Because," said the Lieutenant, "my comrades would say I had disgraced my cloth."

"Then put on the canvas frock."

"But what shall I do with my cocked hat?"

"Take six inches off from every side, my respected friend, or it will frighten the oxen. That is the most useless of all your incomprehensible habiliments."

"I will go to plough," said George, "if you will drive the oxen."

"That I will do most gladly. I should like it very much. I like the names of the oxen—Spark and Beauty, Brisk and Lively. I would make those lazy beasts go *so* fast."

"Then you would spoil my ploughing," said George.

"Impossible, my good friend," she said, laughingly; "nothing would injure the ploughing that you would make."

"And now, Mr. George Millett," said Mrs. Kelly, "I must tell you that my husband will

place neither oxen nor plough into the hands of either of you, and it is time that you should plough your way home, or your good mother will scold me for keeping you so late."

"I will obey you, Mrs. Kelly," said the Lieutenant, "when I have made my defence. At the time I entered the navy I did not anticipate that I should be subjected to this idleness, although I acknowledge that peace is conducive to the happiness of the country. I think that the navy has cause of complaint that a certain number are not allowed to retire from the service on their half-pay, and to follow any occupation they may desire. Then it would be seen whether all would be such slaves to the customs of society, or whether some would not have courage enough to follow the dictates of common-sense. But while the present regulations continue, and an officer may on any day be called on to serve, it would be unwise of any one to place himself in opposition to the general opinion of the service. There are a great many customs, that from long habit have been fastened on society, which cannot be reconciled to reason; but I should not like to be the Don Quixote that would attempt to reform them."

"There is a great deal of truth in what



you say," said Lucy; "and the substance of it is this—although you can, as we all know, face the enemy at the cannon's mouth, you have not moral courage enough to oppose public opinion. I am afraid that we are all subject to the same disease, but I am very sorry for it; and I know on that account we suffer in health, wealth, and self-respect. I see that you will never be a Cincinnatus, and that my bucolic propensities will never be gratified."

Mrs. Kelly was a silent spectator at this encounter, and she said to herself,—“ Those pretty eyes have begun to tell.”

George Millett went home that night charmed with the pleasant raillery of the pretty girl. He thought that ploughing, with such a lovely nymph walking, with her wand-like goad, beside the oxen, would be the most delightful of all occupations. How quickly the time had gone by! Her sharpest satire was spoken so sweetly, and with so pleasant a smile, that he could have listened for ever.

Oh, George Millett! you are pierced with Cupid's sharpest dart, and you are dreaming! You are looking at a beautiful picture of Arcadian bliss, painted by your own imagination. You are feverish, and you feel neither

the cold of the evening nor the length of the journey. You envy the grass-grown path she treads on, and the hawthorn hedges that are near her, and you have forgotten that she is a Quakeress.

Lucy Weston laid her head on the pillow that night with an agitated mind. She, too, was thinking of the occurrences of the day, but the image of the naval officer did not appear, except as the relator of the tale.

The imminent danger of Lascare, and the noble rescue by Edith, and the fatal consequences that succeeded,—fatal, Lucy was afraid, to the future happiness of her friend,—caused a restless night.

That the story was true, she could not doubt, for the proceedings were characteristic of the family; but who or what was the man? He was brave and courageous,—those men were generally good,—but what could be expected from a daring man in a lawless occupation?

“And what a friend shall I lose,” said she to herself, “when Edith is gone? It is true I have my father and Rachel, the servant, but they are not to me as Edith Phinn. They may be as dear, but I want them all. All the others are acquaintances, very kind, and

very agreeable, but they do not feel for me as Edith does."

Musing in this disconsolate way she passed the midnight, before her restless mind could be at peace.

When the family at Lanwarn met the next morning, George Millett related the story of the accident that occurred at the island; and the death of old Margaret Lascare. He further informed his venerable parents that after leaving Tregarth he went over to Tredart to fulfil his engagement, and to show Miss Weston the encampment, but that the rain prevented the excursion.

"I think," said Mrs. Millett, "that we should be doing a civil thing, and Mrs. Kelly would take it as a kindness, if we invited them to spend a day at the rectory. No doubt the Kellys wish Miss Weston to see as much of the country as possible, and I don't know that they could see anything prettier than our own rocky coast."

"Then send them an invitation," said the rector. "If the banker's daughter has a taste for the beautiful, she will be charmed with the visit; and George could row us a little way out to sea, that we might have a full view of the shore."

“I will invite them to a picnic on the beach,” said his wife. “The servants shall be dismissed when they have carried down the hamper, and George must make himself serviceable instead of them. I think he should try to do something that is useful.”

Her son promised to do everything in his power to promote the pleasure of the day, and the note of invitation was duly forwarded.

He concealed within his own breast the intense delight that the prospect of such a day gave him, and it seemed that Fortune herself, without any effort on his part, was most propitious.

The invitation was accepted, and the longed-for day arrived.

Besides the Kellys and Miss Weston, Mrs. Millett had invited Mr. Blewett, a young clergyman of the adjoining parish, and his sister, a very agreeable young lady, who was both spirited and pretty, but whose style of face and mode of dress, were the very opposite of Miss Weston's. Instead of the hair being plain from the forehead to the ear, Miss Blewett's rosy face was adorned with ringlets; and instead of the plain train, the skirt of her dress was immoderately full, and enlarged with flounces.

Before noon the whole party had assembled. It was a beautifully bright summer day. The rector laid aside all the formalities of civilization, and abandoned himself to the pleasures of primitive life. They left the parsonage soon after their arrival, and proceeded to the beach. Each had something to carry, for the clotted cream and the port wine—good old crusted port—were not to be entrusted to the hamper.

They selected a spot on the shore where all could be accommodated according to their humour. Some sat on the rocks, while others preferred the beach. Whether by accident, or whether each age has an affinity for its like, it so happened that Mr. Millett and Mr. Kelly were found sitting together, Mrs. Millett and Mrs. Kelly were neighbours, and the two young ladies also, who, by this time, had become intimate, were side by side. The young gentlemen, as in duty bound, waited on the whole party, and were most assiduous in their attentions. The novelty of the entertainment, the charming weather, and the good things provided, put all into good humour. They were not morose people, and if they were, they must have been very unamiable indeed if they were unable to dispense with their peevishness at such a time.

When the repast was over, the two elderly gentlemen remained at their wine, while the ladies, attended by their youthful slaves, wandered over the beach.

As the day wore on, and the rector and Mr. Kelly again found their legs useful, it was proposed that they should proceed to sea, a motion that met with general approval.

The young men launched the boat, and the whole party embarked, again pleased with the change in the day's proceedings.

They went far enough seaward to be able to view that singularly-formed and rocky coast, for, differing from the general shore of the south, which is mostly of wide, sweeping bays, the rocks jutted out with the greatest irregularity, protecting here and there a small sandy beach.

Satisfied with their voyage, they returned towards the place of embarkation; but, in the meantime, the treacherous sea that had lured them from the shore by its smoothness, had become restless, and was throwing up a wash on the beach that rendered their landing very inconvenient.

They resolved to seek a more sheltered spot to disembark, but it had the disadvantage of compelling a scramble over the rocks to arrive at their original position.



Here the peculiarities of each came out in bold relief, and here the evil genius of George Millett placed him in a situation singularly trying to an amiable disposition.

It has been said that no man should call himself happy until he has arrived at his last day, and no man should pronounce on the pleasures of a picnic until he has seen the end of it.

It takes a long time to go a short distance when you climb to the top of high rocks to descend from them immediately on the other side. Mr. Kelly, burdened with top boots, found the greatest difficulty in taking care of himself. The old rector, mindful of the gallantry of earlier days, took care of Mary, his wife; and a pleasant sight it was to see the old gentleman holding the hand of his spouse, and directing where she should step, while the old lady trembled to trust her foot to such a frail support.

“Now leap across, my love.”

“My dear John, I can’t leap so far.”

“Then I’ll carry you over.”

“My dear, I’m sure you shall not.”

“Then how, in Heaven’s name, are you to get home?”

“Let me rest a minute. I’m trembling too much to try. I shall be better directly.”

By coaxing and lifting, the good parson got his wife over the rocks at last; but poor Mrs. Millett conceived that she had accomplished a feat she should always remember.

Mr. Blewett attended to Mrs. Kelly, and it is but justice to say, that with her spirit and agility, aided by his strong arm, she overcame the difficulties of the route.

It remained for George Millett to take care of the two young ladies; and here the perversity of the sex became most prominent. Miss Weston, having been accustomed to the rocky shores of the island, tripped over those lightly, and refused the Lieutenant’s assistance; but Miss Blewett was in constant need of his support. The consequence was that Miss Weston arrived at the beach among the first, while the pretended weakness and timidity of Miss Blewett detained George far away from the lady it would have been his greatest happiness to assist.

Poor Miss Blewett was not indifferent to the smart young sailor; and he had the mortification to feel that it would appear to the lady he loved that his most assiduous attentions were

paid to the girl that, for the moment, he certainly wished in heaven.

From the beach they proceeded to Lanwarn, and after tea the guests returned to their separate homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Millett, left alone after the excitement of the day, took a retrospect of their proceedings. And now the old lady was able to laugh at her difficulties and alarm. Their friends also, they hoped, had spent a pleasant day on the whole, and particularly that Miss Weston had enjoyed herself, because that kind of party was as great a novelty for her as it was to them to have a Quakeress for a guest.

"I admire that young lady very much, John," said Mrs. Millett. "The symmetry of her person is exquisite, and the expression of her countenance is so very mild and intelligent."

"And it isn't only that she has an intelligent expression, my dear," said the rector; "*that* was born with her, and therefore she deserves no credit for it. But I was delighted with her conversation. She has a mind of original thought that does not take things for granted unless they accord with reason. Her information somewhat surprised me, although I know

her father is a sensible man. She has all the keenness of the Quaker without that dogmatical pride that is so offensive. Her dress, too, didn't seem so extremely grotesque. I almost thought it becoming."

"And so it was, my dear; for I perceived that by contracting some peculiarities, and enlarging others, she has succeeded in making it suitable to her countenance and figure. Miss Blewett's dress was very suitable for Miss Blewett, but for Miss Weston it would have been positively frightful."

But there were two of the party to whom the proceedings of the day had not been particularly pleasant.

Mr. George Millett and Miss Blewett were the persons who had looked forward to the excursion with the greatest expectation: George Millett in the hope of enjoying the society of Miss Weston, and Miss Blewett of receiving the attentions of the young Lieutenant. Both were disappointed, and each indulged in reflections that cast the blame on the other.

"George Millett has been rather morose to-day," thought Miss Blewett, as her brother drove her home; "and it is for that reason I kept him laboriously employed. Surely he didn't want to give his attentions to the demure-

looking Quakeress. That girl didn't give one merry laugh for the day. I suppose it would have been sinful! She wouldn't have been tolerated if she hadn't been rich. I will pay off George Millett at the next ball. When he asks me to dance, he will find Harriet Blewett engaged. James!" she called, in a loud voice, to her brother—the evil spirit being strong upon her—"James, do you mean to break my neck that you are going down this hill at such a pace?"

"No; only you are so remarkably taciturn that I thought the sooner we got home the better. You are certainly not very communicative."

"If you were so fatigued," said she, "as I am, by climbing over those horrid rocks, you wouldn't be so loquacious."

"I don't know," replied her brother, "how you should be so weary, you had George Millett to assist you."

"George Millett's a dolt!"

"Indeed! I don't think he is generally considered so."

"Because they have never tried him as I have to-day."

"Miss Weston went over the rocks without any assistance."

“ Yes, she did ; and a most unfeminine thing it was. I don’t admire Miss Weston.”

“ Then I do,” said the clergyman ; “ and don’t think the worse of her because she didn’t pretend to be unable to climb the rocks by herself.”

They had now arrived at the gate of the vicarage, or her brother’s would certainly not have been the last word.

George Millett also had *his* disagreeable reminiscences, and regretted that his mother should have invited that Miss Blewett. She not only retained him, that he could offer no attention to Lucy ; but, in guiding her over the rocks, she leant so constantly with all her weight on his arm that it was quite sore with supporting her.



## CHAPTER VII.

THE time had been so occupied that the long-talked-of visit to the camp had been postponed ; but there had been no discontinuance of the visits of George Millett. Indeed, it became apparent that his chief pleasure was in the society of Lucy Weston ; and, although she appeared displeased when his attentions were particularly marked, she had a feeling of uneasiness if he happened to be absent for a longer period than usual.

On a fine afternoon in the month of May, they set out on their visit to the ancient fortification, which lay a considerable distance from the farm-yard ; but the air was so refreshing, and the way through the fields commanded so extensive a view, and, moreover, the companion of each being the most desirable person to make a journey pleasant, the distance was passed over in what appeared a marvellously short time.

They arrived at an eminence which overlooked all the surrounding country, and was itself worth the visit for its extensive view.

On the one side, the distant tors in the midland between the two channels could be seen; and on the other appeared the deep blue sea.

The old circular camp was explored, and was, indeed, a curiosity. The moat was still very deep. Centuries and centuries had passed away, and had left the high mound and deep trench but little impaired. Here was the entrance; there the sparkling well, hewn out of the solid rock, from which the pure stream still found its way to the valley below. How little does nature change! An unknown number of generations had gone by, but there remained the pure spring, on account of which, it may be, this site had been selected. Bramble and briar hindered their progress in some parts, but they could walk around on the parapet; for having been constructed before deep-mouthed cannon were known, there was no embrasure to impede their course.

“Now, George,” said Lucy, “tell me how old you think this intrenchment may be, and all you know about it.”

“I have had two or three opinions of its age,” said George; “for as no great antiquarian has examined the place, we are obliged to form opinions for ourselves. At first I thought it might have been a place of refuge thrown

up by some ancient chieftain during a time of intestine war, and that it was of accidental construction; but I am now of opinion that it has too permanent a character to warrant such a supposition.

“Then, again, I imagined that it was formed by the ancient Britons; and I was confirmed in that opinion by the discovery of a *cist vaen*, or rude stone coffin, filled with earth and burnt bones, in one of those barrows on the opposite hill; but I again changed my views on that point, from the consideration that neither the Gauls nor Britons made any encampments until the practice of the Romans had taught them; and I now believe those barrows to have been entirely unconnected with this place, and still more ancient. The last, and I think the most reasonable opinion, is, that it was constructed for a place of refuge from marauders, whether they were Danes or Gauls, or, it may be, Saxons, from another part of Britain.

“At a mile distant from this place is an inlet of the sea, which at that time was navigable for the small craft they were accustomed to use; and the people in this remote part had more to fear from buccaneers than from regular forces; and the extent of coast of this long and narrow county offered special inducements.”

“I think you are drawing a bow at a venture,” said Lucy, smiling; “unless you can give some other reasons.”

“And so I can,” said George. “On a hill, commanding a landing-place, is another fortification, about two miles distant, but very dissimilar in character. The wall, built of huge masses of stone, was intended for defence from the river side only—probably a dense forest protected it from behind—but so skillfully was the place contrived that a small force would make it impregnable. There is reason to believe that this place for temporary defence was constructed by the freebooters themselves; for there is a Saxon document in the British Museum, which was once supposed to be fabulous, but is now believed to be historical, which, after reciting the progress of a party of marauding Danes up the river that winds around the hills below us, relates that they landed and fortified their position. The rude but massive wall still remains, and the place itself still bears the same name.

“There can be no doubt that the other fortified places, of which there are seven within five miles of this camp, were intended for refuge, and for resisting those piratical hordes.”

“At what period do you consider these

fortifications were necessary?" asked his companion.

"Between the departure of the Romans and the invasion of the Normans. It was at that period that the military power of the Government was weakest, and the people had to take care of themselves. When the Norman dynasty ruled, the inhabitants felt the iron gauntlet, but freebooters became more chary of their incursions."

The Lieutenant described his antiquarian researches with such earnestness and volubility that Lucy had difficulty in finding room for the inquiries that were rising as his discourse proceeded, and she was dangerously admiring the zeal of her ingenuous guide.

The desire of gaining a convert to his opinions in the person of a beautiful young lady induced the antiquarian to throw all his energies into the work; while his auditor was enchanted with the simplicity of his character, and adding thereto a whole host of imaginary virtues.

When George mentioned such a long interval of time for the age of his antiquities—in any reign of which the date might be imagined—she smiled, but so sweetly that if she had not placed him again on the track

he would have been unable to resume his discourse.

She cast her eyes across the valley—for his admiration was becoming oppressive—and said, — “ You have given yourself a good margin for fixing the date, but why not say it was some time between Honorius and George the Third.”

“ I deserve the rebuke,” said the young man, “ for giving you so indefinite an answer, but—”

Lucy felt angry with herself, and would not let him proceed until she had apologized.

“ I was both ungrateful and rude in that remark,” she said, “ and I must ask you to pardon me. I know it is conjecture, and you meant that these fortifications were constructed while the Danes were harassing the country, and you have given very good reasons for that opinion.”

“ You are neither rude nor ungrateful,” said George. “ To tell you the truth, I was thinking how amiable it was of you to listen to me. It is so seldom I get a good listener on this subject, that I became a little confused. I conceive that it is a matter of certainty—so far as certainty can be obtained without any record—that all the military works of this



neighbourhood were constructed within the period I have named. In the first place, they are not the vestiges of the Britons, for they had no fortified camps. They are no remains of the Romans, because their camps were quadrangular. It is unconnected with any period later than the Saxon domination, because there were no commotions in Cornwall after their rule that rendered it necessary to form works of that kind."

"All that appears reasonable," said Lucy; "but what have you to show that they were necessary within the Saxon period?"

"A great deal," said the antiquarian, "if the rehearsal will not tire you."

"Not in the least, I assure you. I am greatly interested in what you may have to say, although you must excuse me from being bound to accept your conclusions. My Quaker training gives more importance to facts than to rhetoric."

"Then I will give you facts, and you shall draw your own conclusions. I do not find that the Romans, while they governed this island, had much occupation in Cornwall. Wherever that remarkable people traversed they left their footprints. There are none here. After they retired, a succession of petty kingdoms arose,

with divided interests, and consequently numerous battles ensued. The Britons, Saxons, and Danes intermixed, fought as much for party as for nationality, and frequently the marauders of one period had to resist the buccaneers of another. During this turbulence Cornwall played an important part, and one remarkable fact is recorded. Earl Hugh, who happened to be a Norman, was appointed to the government of Cornwall, in the reign of Ethelred; and that important post was entrusted to him from his supposed hostility to the Danes, who had made frequent landings on the Cornish coast. He was bribed by Sweyn, the King of Denmark, to allow the Danes to land without offering opposition. This landing was effected, and they immediately proceeded to Exeter, and plundered and burnt the city. Now, I ask on what part of the Cornish coast did they land?"

"As the northern ports are few and dangerous," said Lucy, "I should think they landed on the south-eastern part of the county."

"And so I believe," said the sailor, "and that all these numerous fortifications were constructed to prevent a recurrence of those invasions."

“I am much obliged to you,” said his companion, “for the trouble you have taken, and for your information, and I shall feel compelled to confess to Mrs. Kelly that you have almost converted me.”

They then returned to Tredart, very much pleased with their excursion.

Thus time wore on. The amiable disposition of the girl, as well as her incomparable beauty, had now made a deep impression on the young man. That she was a Quakeress was no obstacle, if he could only impress her with a favourable regard for himself. In fact, the impetuous sailor determined to overcome all obstacles if the young lady would allow him.

But Lucy Weston had been educated in another school. She had been taught to bring everything to the test of reason. She could not fail to perceive the warm admiration of the generous and handsome young man; nor did she feel indifferent to so much devotion. She frequently chided herself for what she conceived an indulgence in his society, which was daily affecting her with a warmer interest. This, she thought, must, sooner or later, be crushed. His presence was very agreeable to her, and, if their intimacy was pleasant to both,

she need not do a painful thing until obliged. Soon she would return to Penwith, and she desired to be as happy as possible until the time arrived.

In this manner things went on, and the time approached for the termination of the visit.

Mrs. Kelly asked George Millett to do her the favour of conducting Lucy to St. Nun's Well on the day previous to her return, as it was a curiosity she very much wished her to see. There were various miraculous virtues attributed to it. The well consisted of a circular granite vessel placed on a pedestal, and was of great antiquity.

It was reported that no strength applied by human means could move it, that pixies followed the mortal that treated it with indignity, and that persons so affected had been known to wander all the night through, unable to find their way.

From what was known, it appeared to have been a holy well of ancient days; that some religious domicile had been attached to it; for the granite mouldings still remained in the neighbourhood, of which a desecrating use was made. It was supposed to have been constructed by St. Nun, a Gallic saint, whose

name it bore, and who was also the founder of the monastery on the island, the remains of which could be still seen from the opposite shore.

This description, which was given by Mrs. Kelly in very glowing colours, attracted the curiosity of Lucy, who very much wished to see an ancient well of such miracle-working power.

Accordingly, the day before the termination of this very agreeable visit, George Millett and Lucy Weston set out for the far-famed well. The valley in which it is situated is one of the most beautiful in Cornwall, differing from the Vale of Lanherne by its fantastic windings, and bounded by steep woodland hills, with rugged crags here and there jutting out between the trees.

If a hermit who had resolved to devote himself to penance and prayer occupied the chapel adjoining the well, he could not have selected a place more congenial to his adopted seclusion; for the neighbourhood, though beautiful in its wild extravagance and the luxuriant growth of bramble and thorn, was most unpropitious in the fruits of the soil.

On their way to this romantic spot, the travellers entered a valley surrounded by hills,

except a deep gorge that wound round the base of one, through which a rushing stream found its way to the sea. Here they rested.

“This,” said Lucy, “is the most lovely spot I have ever seen. Here I could pass my life. I would have a cottage built near this wood. I would have but one servant; for I have been so used to be served that I could badly dispense with one now. How I should enjoy this green meadow, and the stream that flows by, murmuring a sweet tune as I sat in the open window of my humble cot. In the heat of summer I should wander through the paths of the wood, and, whenever the sun appeared in winter, I should live on the green; for no cold, biting winds could visit me here. Why is the world so full of cares and troubles? If man could be content with what is necessary, and could dispense with the wretched customs and conventional usages of what is called civilized life—which would be more civilized without them—he need not engage in all those turmoils and anxieties, all those competitions and perpetual strife. You, George Millett, are tired of your rest. You are anxious for further employment. You want war, that you may distinguish yourself. You forget that it is only one out of twenty that can succeed, while



the whole twenty have the same hope, and that your success may arrive when you are too old for its enjoyment. Who is the man that achieves honour? 'The man that died o' yesterday,' says a favourite poet. For while the man lives, detractors—that they may not themselves be eclipsed—damage his reputation, and allow him full honours as he is lowered to the grave. Nor is it *your* occupation only that appears so unnatural and unreasonable. Take my own dear father. Look at his incessant calculations, his anxieties, and speculations. All to add to an abundance that, with his frugal habits, he knows not how to dispense. All the toil is for a prize that, when obtained, is found to be valueless. But pardon me. I was betrayed into these reflections by this peaceful vale; and if I have been harsh to you, I have, at least, been honest. If you do not wish your profession to be abused, you must not bring me into such lovely glens."

When she concluded this sudden outburst of indignation against the world in general, she looked at the Lieutenant with a submissive and deprecating glance, as if in the hope that he did not feel hurt by her remarks.

"I could listen," said George, "for ever; and I was sorry when you concluded your

very truthful review. I acknowledge the justice of your opinion, and if you and I could make the world afresh, the lion should lie down with the lamb, but while the lion is ferocious we must protect the lamb. Pride and ambition are the foundation of most of our miseries, but we have been nurtured in them, and, if not, I am afraid they would spring up."

"Now, then," said Lucy, "as I am refreshed with this rest, let us continue our journey."

Soon after they arrived at the well. The granite basin was full of the water flowing from a spring immediately above it; but it served no useful purpose now, and remained a remote and unfrequented monument of the piety of former days.

The object of their excursion being accomplished, they wended their way homewards, around the base of the hills, until they again arrived at the little glen that had excited Lucy's admiration.

From this they had to ascend a steep hill, through the same fields they had traversed before; and whether it arose because the novelty of the scenery had worn off, or whether each was occupied with thoughts that it was desirable to conceal, they grew suddenly serious and taciturn.

There was one field more to be passed before they reached the lane leading to the farm-yard. The sailor felt that it was their last excursion. "If," he thought, "I do not speak now, she will be lost to me for ever."

"I am grieved," he said, turning to his companion, "that this day will terminate your visit. I shall ever remember the happy time I have spent since you came to Tredart. May I be allowed to visit you at your father's house? I love you devotedly, and trust you will not blast the dearest hope of my life!"

This was spoken with so much earnestness and anxiety, and in a tone of the deepest solicitude, that Lucy hesitated, from a feeling of pain and surprise. She turned from his gaze before she could speak, and, when she found utterance, her sentences were short and abrupt.

"George Millett," she replied, with quivering voice, "I did not expect this. I may have been wrong, but, if I have, I beg you to pardon me. We can never be more to each other than we are. The difference of our religion forbids it; our different positions and different education forbid it. My father would never permit it, and your father would never consent. I will not disguise from you that

you have my very warm regard, and I wish you an honourable and happy life."

"My dear Lucy," broke in the young man, "I will write to your father, and—"

He was about to proceed, when he was interrupted.

"Rash man! You must do no such thing. The only chance that my father would give the proposition a thought would be by a letter from Mr. Millett, and *that* you will never get. I beg you to leave me. I will make your excuses at Tredart, and—now—farewell."

He was about to beseech that he might be allowed to remain until the evening, but his purpose was anticipated.

"If you value my esteem," she said, "you will leave at once."

He seized her hand, kissed it fervently, and, with a face flushed with emotion, took his way across the country towards the highway.

## CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN George Millett passed the gate leading to another field, Lucy seated herself on a mound projecting from the hedge, and suffered the tears to flow without restraint.

In the first place, she deplored her hard fate. Here was one, handsome in person, refined in mind, and noble in disposition, who, with faltering voice, and quivering lip, had declared his strong attachment to her, and had requested to be permitted to visit at her father's house; while she, who felt that she could live only for him, was debarred even from the pleasure of his society.

"Why am I reserved," said she, "for such a fate? Our two fathers, with no personal dislike, hate intensely the principles of each other; and sooner will that lofty hill become a plain, than those two, otherwise worthy men, will agree for one single purpose on earth. But why do I blame my father? Did I not know this? Have I not allowed this intimacy to grow, until the separation is as painful to

me as to himself? I had determined to resist any more excursions, but I postponed the execution of my determination till postponement was too late. After all, I could not endure the thought that he should be indifferent to me. Knowing now that he loves me, I should be miserable if he loved another. It is just possible that he may overcome the prejudice of his kind-hearted father, and induce him to write; but it is almost beyond possibility that *my* father will acquiesce, dearly as he loves me. I have striven to prevent this. When he seemed approaching to a declaration I have repelled him by sternness, or drawn his attention to another subject; but now the disclosure is made, I would not have it unspoken. I will cherish his image in my heart. He will be the pleasure of my life, and my life's sorrow. One thing shall certainly have a termination. I will not be pestered with the suit of Josiah Clay or Nehemiah Weeks,—why didn't they call him Jeroboam?—two wealthy men, one in drab and the other in brown, who wish to increase their store by the fortune of my father's child. There shall be an end to the proposals of that gaunt race. I have Quaker firmness enough—the only Quaker virtue I can boast of—to resist those money-loving suitors.”



While she was musing in this strain, the setting sun warned her of the closing day, and, after drying her eyes, she took the nearest path to Tredart.

When Lucy arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly were waiting for the wandering pair, and were a little surprised at the absence of George Millett; but Lucy explained that she had promised to beg that he might be excused, and that she was not sorry he had taken the shortest route to Lanwarn, because she wanted time to pack her wardrobe for her journey in the morning.

The evening was spent with the usual pleasant conversation, and Lucy retired to her room at an early hour.

It was usual in that house to have a wood fire on the hearth during the cold evenings of spring, and it was the invariable custom of Mr. Kelly that, with a pipe of tobacco and a glass of brandy-and-water, he should complete the labours of the day.

As soon as their visitor retired, the old farmer, with his accustomed pipe, took his seat on one side of the "ingle nook," and his voluble wife reclined in the old arm chair on the other.

Mrs. Kelly commenced a conversation on

the events of the day, and then reverted to the departure of their guest, which was to take place on the following morning.

"We shall miss her very much, John, when she is gone."

"We shall, indeed. She's an excellent girl."

"Did you observe that Lucy's eyes were rather red when she returned from the walk?"

"No, my dear, I saw nothing unusual. I hope there is nothing the matter."

"Nothing more than might be expected," said his wife.

"What did you expect?" said Mr. Kelly, in surprise.

"I expected that George would make Lucy an offer, and I believe he has done so."

"Nothing for a young girl to cry about, I should think," rejoined her husband.

"Well, I'm afraid that true love will not run particularly smooth in that quarter, for the two fathers are not likely to agree; and I believe that is Lucy's trouble."

"Then I'm sorry they have a liking for each other; and I'm afraid, Mary, that you've been doing a little match-making, and no good ever comes of *that*," said Mr. Kelly, laying a strong emphasis on the last word.

"And if I have, I've been doing a very good thing," retorted his wife; "and it shall end in good if I can be of service. Do you think that I could see that beautiful girl, who should be a duchess, married to any of those cold, raw-boned Obadiah's that will be sure to be seeking her, if I could prevent it? They are suited to each other, although they are so very different."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Kelly. "I should have thought that being very unlike is rather an objection. I suppose you would unite the hawk and the dove."

"No, John Kelly, I would not," said his spouse, with some asperity, "because they are of different species; but I would marry a spirited, truthful, impetuous, noble young man to a mild, thoughtful, intelligent, and pure-minded girl, and they shall not want my assistance if they need it."

"I don't like that sort of thing," said her husband; "and it never ends well. You have sent a young man sorrowing to his home, and a good girl tearful to bed."

"Oh!" rejoined Mrs. Kelly, "I never do right. 'Tis a pity you didn't marry somebody else."

She felt a twinge of conscience, and then,

like a skilful general, feeling that she was attacked on a vulnerable point, tried a diversion.

“Do you know,” she continued, “that John Stubbs has thrown down your Bessie, and now you haven’t a horse to ride? You shouldn’t have allowed the man to ride your horse.”

Then again a feeling of injured innocence returned. “Good gracious! how could I help George Millett’s falling in love with Lucy Weston? I sent them out together, you say. Of course I did. Should I go trudging three miles into the country, like a girl of eighteen, to see that a gentleman didn’t pay a lady too much attention? You never think of me, John Kelly. Because I *look* well, you think there’s nothing the matter with *me*. I’m ill,—I’m very ill! I’ve got a heart complaint, I’m sure I have. I shall one day die suddenly by your side. And now, after talking about what you don’t understand, and smiling very sapiently between your puffs of smoke, please to drink up your brandy-and-water and go to bed.”

The good-tempered farmer, fully aware that this outburst of natural eloquence was intended to cover a misgiving as to the success of the matrimonial manœuvre that his wife had pro-

jected, knocked out the ashes from his exhausted pipe, and retired to rest.

The next day Lucy returned to her father's house, and on the day following paid a visit to Edith Phinn.

It was reported that the shock she received when she saved the life of Lascare had injured her health, which report arose more from her altered position than any real injury. In fact Edith, in the short space of a month, had changed from a high-spirited girl to a thoughtful woman. A great deal had happened to both since they last met, and they felt great pleasure in being again together.

It was a sunny day, and they wandered to the south of the island, and sat on the rock that many years ago they had been accustomed to make their resting-place, in full view of all the vessels traversing the channel.

"How came you, Edith, to run such a desperate risk," said Lucy, "when it was the merest chance that you could help him?"

"I could not stand still and see him drowning, whatever might happen."

"Was he grateful to you for saving his life?"

"Yes, he was grateful, and thanked me the next morning."

“ Was he *very* grateful, Edith ? ”

At this question, the colour of Edith's face became a deep red.

“ You needn't answer, Edith ; I see, he was *very* grateful. Does he come frequently ? ”

“ Yes, he comes frequently *now* ; for he has business with my father. I see, Lucy, what you think. All he asked was, that he might be allowed to come, and he does come. So it rests.”

“ I see how it rests,” said Lucy, heaving a deep sigh.

“ You are in trouble, Lucy,” said Edith, looking up in surprise.

“ Yes, my dear girl, I am in trouble, and I am come over to tell you of it. You cannot help me ; but you will be sorry for me, and that will be a relief.”

She then recounted her introduction to George Millett, their frequent meetings, and last interview. She described the young sailor as her own imagination painted him, and deplored the state of suspense under which she laboured.

When she had finished her story Edith saw the tear silently stealing down her fair cheek. The warm-hearted girl embraced and kissed her, saying, “ Do not expect, my dear, that



this can immediately end according to your wishes. The circumstances are too extraordinary. But never did such a pair love and not wed."

Lucy felt greatly relieved by the sympathy of Edith, and her enthusiastic prediction. They then walked back to the house, and after tea Lucy returned to Penwith.

Through that night she slept soundly; but the two previous ones had been passed in the fitful changes of a troubled mind.

It will be seen, from the interview between Edith and her friend, that Lascare was a frequent visitor at the island. Nor was the business with her father, mentioned by Edith, imaginary; for the smugglers had determined to make that place useful in the conduct of their trade, and had placed the management of it in the hands of Lascare.

There was at that time residing at Tregarth a very wealthy man. He was once a stranger to the neighbourhood, and had come to the place young and poor; but he had this peculiarity—he could read and write, and had some knowledge of arithmetic.

The mould of his countenance is peculiar to a certain class in the county of Cornwall. There is nothing like it in any other part of

England, nor can any foreign country be fixed on that contains a people that might be supposed to be their progenitors. They form no part of the Celtic portion of the county, and their name is seldom prefixed by Tre, Pol, or Pen. They are generally high-shouldered men, with puffed faces, short, broad noses, thick lips, and swarthy complexion.

Soon after his arrival, this man undertook the duties of schoolmaster; he kept the [parish accounts, and was the general letter-writer of the town. He afterwards became a shareholder in the privateer in which Richard Lascare first embarked, and he kept the ship's accounts. This vessel enriched the several owners, and, beyond all others, the man that kept the accounts.

After he had amassed considerable wealth he became merchant and banker, and assumed great importance among the gentry of the neighbourhood. He was a bachelor. He was never known to go to church, or to attach himself to any other religious community.

Pretending that he had no relations alive, he named a person of influence as his future executor, and, enjoining secrecy, he promised the same inheritance to others.

On the proclamation of peace, the partner-

ship in the privateer was dissolved, but the contraband trade, which had been carried on during the war with Jersey, was transferred to France.

He now *openly* discontinued his former connexions, but *privately* assisted the smugglers with funds, and shared their profits. He was a miser, who hoped to increase his wealth, not by parsimonious savings, but by the risk of small sums for large profits; and he did not scruple to unite with low associates, if that could be done with safety to himself and without a flaw in his reputation.

His correspondence with the secret committee of smugglers was carried on through the medium of John Spillar, who was once a fisherman, then a captain of a privateer and patron of Lascare, and now raised to high estate.

The name of this remarkable schoolmaster, corsair, smuggler, merchant, and banker, was Zechariah Drew.

He had an only clerk, whose progress in life had been the converse of that of his master. This man was born in a respectable station of society, but, by losses in speculation and other misfortunes, had been induced to seek employment as clerk, and was hired to post the

accounts of those transactions in which, at one time, he had the principal share.

The schoolmaster had been raised to the banker, and the speculator had fallen to the accountant. The man who had felt the pinch of penury had become rich, and the wealthy man had fallen to destitution. The serving-man had become the lord, and the master was reduced to the slave.

As might have been expected, from the need of the one and the covetousness of the other, the poor clerk had a salary that barely sufficed for subsistence. Unfortunately, he had a large family which he still strove to keep in the appearance of respectability; if the show of the shabby, faded, make-shift, worn-out habiliments—the finery of former days—could be said to do so. In reality, they only told of bygone superfluity and present want. His once portly appearance had given place to a spare body and lank limbs. Care and depression sat upon his brow; while the black suit, which at that time included breeches and gaiters, were rusty with age and shining with use.

To add to his misery, a thoughtless wife had contracted debts wherever credit was to be obtained; and lawyer's letters, with threats of executions, dogged his footsteps.

“Famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world’s  
law.”

Such was the appearance of William Meadows, the banker’s clerk.

We sit in the enjoyment of our comfortable fireside, and marvel—in a superfluity of luxuries, or what are luxuries to the poor—if we hear of a man like William Meadows sentenced to endure hard labour in a foreign land for forgery and fraud; and we almost rejoice that a felon has been convicted; when, if his tale of misery and privation could be known, we should drop a tear of pity, that a course of suffering and misfortune had, at last, sapped the rectitude of a man who, with a more propitious fortune, might have been as honourable as ourselves.

## CHAPTER IX.

ONE morning the banker and his clerk were engaged in the different compartments of the room which served the twofold purpose of bank and office.

Soon after the doors were opened for business, John Spillar, whose vocation has been already described, made his appearance; and inquiring for Mr. Drew, was directed to the place which that gentleman usually occupied at the end of the room. It was inclosed by a wooden partition: but only so far as to conceal the persons of those who might be within.

There was nothing remarkable in this visit, for Spillar was himself a man of wealth—as riches were estimated in that locality—and had numerous transactions at the bank; but of late these conversations had become frequent, and the low tone in which they were carried on excited the suspicions of the clerk, who fixed his eyes on the ledger but directed his ears to the sanctorum.

The day after he heard that the cruiser



had returned from another trip to France; but whether the kegs were landed or not was not generally known.

“Could the conversation of yesterday,” thought William Meadows, “relate to this cargo? I distinctly heard the word ‘beach,’ and, I think, ‘island beach.’ Have I discovered a secret worth more money to the Government than a short time will count? If I know their hiding-place, His Majesty’s reward will relieve the misery of a faithful subject.”

On the evening of this day, the clerk, with a thoughtful brow, went over the hill towards his home—about three miles distant. He ruminated on what he had heard the day before, added other links to the chain of information, and arrived at the conviction that the banker and the smugglers were in league.

The hard work imposed upon him, his scanty remuneration, and, above all, the arrogance to which he was obliged to submit, embittered a mind depressed by poverty and harassed by debt. On reaching the top of the hill, his route lay by a pathway through an open field, and he descended the opposite side in full view of the island beach.

“If the miserable wretch,” said he, “that I am chained to, had let me have the ten pounds

of my next quarter's salary, his secret would have been safe. The bill I have accepted is becoming due, and it worries me, morning, noon, and night. If they sell my furniture, what can I and my poor family do? I would not willingly injure the men of Tregarth, but necessity has no law. I will bargain for the information. If it prove false, my secret will be safe; if true, I shall put money in my purse."

With these reflections he went on till his better genius interposed.

"After all his bad treatment," he continued, "I am in his service, and eating the bread that no other person will provide. I will not hastily divulge the information I have acquired in his employment. I will think this business over a little, and not be hasty in a matter I am goaded to by distress."

At this point, looking across to the opposite hill, he perceived a funeral in Leyland churchyard, which was situated on the roadside. He passed over the little beach that lay in the valley between the hills; and by the time he reached the church the people who had attended the funeral were leaving, and were now separated into small groups. Here and there was a solitary person, who preferred returning in

the enjoyment or the sorrow of his own reflections.

Among the latter was one who seemed to be sauntering more leisurely than the others, and, indeed, was the last of the party. Meadows supposed him to be one of his old acquaintances, an officer of the Customs, for the dusk of the evening did not permit of a perfect recognition. He overtook him, and found that his surmise was correct; and they bade each other good evening.

This man was one of the few that treated him with his former familiarity; for poor Meadows had tasted to the core the bitter truth that adversity scatters the friends that prosperity gains.

The troops of acquaintances that had shared his hospitality in his palmy days had gradually vanished, and only a few cared to know him, but among those few was the person he now addressed. How grateful is the recognition of a friend who knew him in prosperity to a fallen man!

This was an amiable person, who felt compassion for his former associate; but he was too sensible and too gentlemanly to allow it to be perceived.

After an interchange of the news of the day,

and of a few sentences of regret for the man over whose remains the grave had just closed, his companion said,—“I suppose you come from Tregarth?”

“Yes,” said Meadows, “and if one must go the same road every day, I don’t know another so pleasant.”

“Indeed, it is a pleasant road,” said the officer; “and a more lovely view than you get from the churchyard below you may not see again in a lifetime. Is it true that the cruizer has arrived? News was brought, this morning, to the chief officer, that she had returned.”

“Yes,” said the clerk; “I heard of it this morning; but it is not generally known whether the cargo is landed.”

“I think not,” rejoined the officer; “for there is no appearance of a run on any part of the shore; and the coast-guard, aware that she was expected, kept a sharp look-out. The trade is becoming more difficult every day, and we have received orders to increase the grant for information. A gratuity will be allowed for every man who may be convicted, so that to convict a smuggler is as valuable as to seize a cargo.”

“Did you say that they had increased the

amount for information?" said Meadows, in a subdued tone.

"Yes. If any man could give me information of this cargo he would get twenty pounds, and his secret would be honourably kept, for the Board is aware that secrecy is a great inducement."

"Let us speak softly," said the clerk. "If any one could tell you where this cargo is, when would he get the money?"

"He should have the money immediately."

"If I could tell you," said Meadows, almost in a whisper, "where to find the cargo, should I have the money by to-morrow night?"

"You shall have your money to-morrow; and I will meet you, as if by accident, on your return from Tregarth. I will pace the down, in the dark, till you arrive."

"Then, is it all agreed?" said Meadows, still hesitating to tell what the other anxiously waited to hear.

"It is agreed," returned the other; "and take my word of honour for its fulfilment."

"You will find the kegs," said the informer, in a whisper, "under the shingle, in the beach of the island. I know the risk I run, but I am poor, and I confide in you."

"If your information be found correct, I

will meet you on the down to-morrow night ; and your confidence shall not be abused."

At this time they arrived at a place where their roads separated, and they parted with a warm shake of the hand on either side.

The deed was done ! The man—the place—the time—all suited for the revelation.

“ How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Makes ill deeds done ! ”

In the forenoon of the following day, the officer who had the conversation with Meadows proceeded, with two men only, to the island, in the boat belonging to the department of the Customs.

It was perfectly within the regulations to take this step, although the course was an unusual one, for the coast-guard were supposed to have the chief supervision of the foreshores.

It was a beautiful day. The wind was soft, and the sea was smooth, and the boat glided through the water, apparently unnoticed. But it was not so. Whenever a cargo was sunk—for frequently it was fastened a considerable depth in the sea—or a temporary landing was made, as in the present case, persons were appointed, not only to watch the coast-guard, but also the place of deposit, although, to the



uninitiated, they seemed to be taking a journey, or lounging in the sun.

This was not the six-oared boat; but, notwithstanding, it was an object of suspicion.

The inhabitants of the island saw the boat coming from the shore, and as it was directed towards them, they left the high ground, and watched it from a window of the house that commanded the beach.

From this window they saw the officer with his subordinates land; and, observing that they were provided with long spears, their worst suspicions were aroused.

It was now a time of painful anxiety.

As they approached the place of deposit—for the cargo was really there—the Phinns could scarcely breathe; but the search was unsuccessful, and when the men were seen to abandon that spot, and to pierce the shingle further away, they looked on each other with a smile of satisfaction.

At one time they were almost freed from anxiety, for the immediate neighbourhood of the kegs had been tried, and the men appeared disappointed, and were less zealous in thrusting their spears into the beach. But now they were returning again. Nearer and nearer they approached the fatal spot, and the officer

with his spear appeared to try every foot of the ground. At this time the suspense of those on the watch, both on the island and on the mainland, was intense. Now they stood over the cargo itself, and a spear-thrust appeared to excite commotion. The point of the spear had struck wood, and an immediate excavation was ordered.

There, indeed, lay the concealed cargo, now open to the joyful gaze of the captors.

A feeling of anguish seized the islanders, as when a dreaded calamity has arrived, and every vestige of hope has disappeared.

The supervision of the landings had been delegated to Lascare.

Before the arrival of the cargo referred to, he had successfully landed several others; but after he had left Tregarth on the present occasion, being warned by a signal from the shore that it would be unadvisable to attempt a landing on the main, he selected the most convenient of the island repositories, and buried the whole cargo in the beach.

The man appointed to watch from the height overhanging Tregarth had observed the two-oared boat, and that, after clearing the rocks from Penwith, she made a course direct for the island. At first he did not think that it was

anything very unusual, for occasionally gentlemen would hire a boat for the purpose of visiting that interesting place; but when the steersman leapt to the shore with the long staff, his suspicion became aroused. He watched their proceedings with mistrust, and saw them, after various movements, fix themselves on that part of the beach in which the kegs of brandy lay concealed.

There could now be no doubt what would be the result; and, without waiting a moment longer, he hastened to give information to the parties most interested in the transaction. The sagacity of these men immediately detected that foul play had been practised upon them. They rightly guessed that it was the custom-house boat, and that the discovery was the consequence of information. They imagined that there must have been some traitor; and if the villain had caused the loss of the tubs without disclosing the secret of the beach it would have been of less importance.

They were all agreed that, notwithstanding the secrecy of their operations, some wretch had acquired a knowledge of them, but by what means they could not conceive.

William Meadows did not sleep well on the night following his interview with the Govern-

ment official. He often wished he had not overtaken him—often wished his tale had been untold. Then he had doubts whether the information would be correct, and hoped the goods would be discovered, that he might have the reward. Again, he desired that the surmise might be untrue, and that he should hear of it no more. In this feverish condition he passed the night. He had “murdered sleep.”

On the following morning he went again to Tregarth, and the same harassing hopes and apprehensions disturbed his mind.

He sat at his desk as usual, and the morning passed in the ordinary course of business; but about noon John Spillar called on the banker, with clouded brow and compressed lip. Again they went to the private apartment, and were occupied in a murmuring conversation.

At this moment the clerk supported himself by the desk—he trembled in every joint. Preserving the attitude of one intent on his writing, he listened with feverish alarm. Once, as if by accident, he turned a glance towards the two confederates, and observed the fierce expression of their countenances, as they stood conversing with their heads above the partition; then again he waited, in the hope of catching something of their discourse.

He heard the word "information." He listened no more. There was certainty now, and it gave him relief. He recovered his firmness by degrees, and by the time the conversation was ended he could write freely, and continued his entries with his usual dispatch.

No one thought it possible that Meadows could know the secret. No one doubted the poor, quiet, pains-taking clerk.

He left the office that evening at the usual time, and took his way homeward, met his friend on the down, took the money, uncounted, in silence, and slunk, like a felon, to his home.

The contraband trade at that time was looked on with favour by all classes, and if the baseness of Meadows had been exposed, he would have been stamped with indelible disgrace. There were few then who did not enjoy the French brandy, and all classes were interested in the smugglers' success.

Lascare, under whose management the cargo had been landed, felt greatly disappointed at the discovery of a secret from which he hoped to derive a prosperous trade.

He now made it an excuse for urging Edith Phinn to marry him, and to occupy a detached cottage, that he had recently bought for their

residence, situated on the roadside leading over the western hill. We have been particular in describing this residence, because its situation became afterwards a matter of importance.

Edith felt great reluctance in leaving her mother, for whom she was the only companion; but the old lady, more desirous of her daughter's welfare than her own comfort, pressed on the marriage, for Lascare, besides being everything she could desire in person and character, was now possessed of considerable wealth.

It was therefore arranged that the ceremony should take place in Leyland church, and that Edith Phinn should become Edith Lascare.

The marriage was duly solemnized, and Tregarth became the future home of the island maid.

There was little in this marriage to please the inhabitants of that peculiar town. Their customs were disregarded. There was no firing of guns, no display of flags, no flaunting procession. The custom of the place had been broken through, both in the style of the wedding and the person of the bride.

He had no right, they thought, to wed a



girl living without the precincts of the town; and he showed little good sense in taking a wife from abroad when he might have had one richer and better at home.

Others forgave him, because he had married Edith from feelings of gratitude, she having saved his life. But the most bitter in denouncing his apostacy were the matrons, who felt secretly aggrieved that their Molly, and Lizzy, and Betsy Jane, had been disregarded.

Sympathy, whether in prosperity or adversity, draws us wonderfully together; and sympathetic hatred of this marriage was mutually attractive in the persons of Grace May and Tabitha Batten.

It will be remembered that the conversation between Lascare and his mother, which ended so abruptly, concerned the daughters of these plotting mothers; and as each of them regarded the young man as her future son-in-law, there was a corresponding feeling of disappointment and disgust at the conclusion of their machinations.

Hating each other while they were competitors for the same object, the failure of both inspired them with mutual affection, and gave them an opportunity for indulging their spite against the innocent cause of their disappointment.

Tabitha Batten invited her neighbour Grace to a "dish o' tay," and while they sipped that consoling beverage, the following conversation ensued.

"Well, Grace, have 'ee seed Dick Lascare's wife?"

"His; I seed hor yesterday, and I dan't think much ef her,—that's flat."

"Nor me," said the charitable Tabitha; "and if all's true they taalk about the Phinns, if he ken kip his butiful father-in-law out of jail, he'll have enough to do."

"I dan't knaw," rejoined Grace, "what he've a den, but I heerd nobody don't knaw where he cum from. Hor's a proper brown, and all the soap in Jan Skillen's shop, and all the watter in the river wan't woish hor face whoit. Hor says to me, 'You are Mrs. May, I believe.' I says, 'My name's Grace May.' Hor says, 'Richard tells me that you were a friend of his mother's, and we shall be glad to see you, if you will call up.' 'Thank 'ee,' says I, 'I'm too busy.' Hor taalks like a furriner. Hor calls tay tea, and the mune moon. If Dicky Lascare had married from his own town, he might 'a' had a better wife, and a more respectabler."

"And what a weddin'!" said Tabitha.

"I'd never marry a man like that, if he wus the finest man that cud stand in two shoes. I wonder they didn't put on crape. 'Twus like a funerl. Sich a wisht beginning 'll have a bad end, and sarve Dick right!"

It will be seen from this conversation that Edith's new abode was not entirely a bed of roses, but in general she was treated with kindness and respect.

## CHAPTER X.

GEORGE MILLETT, on leaving Lucy Weston, passed through the fields leading to the highway, without approaching near to the farmhouse of Tredart. He allowed himself to think of nothing that might draw his attention from strict obedience to her injunctions until he had reached the main road leading to Lanwarn.

He was agitated by mixed feelings of pleasure and apprehension. That lovely girl had allowed him to hope that, with the consent of their fathers, he might be permitted to visit her at Penwith. She had acknowledged that she was not indifferent to him, and that was worth more than the solemn oath of some girls; but she made it sufficiently known, that no visit would be agreeable unaccompanied by the consent of the parents of both.

He knew the prejudice of his own father against Dissenters in general, and against Quakers in particular; but he also knew that he was a kind-hearted and generous man, and

moreover Miss Weston had made an impression on him strongly favouring his design.

He determined to mention the subject to his father in the morning, and to inform him that his future prospects in life depended on the course he might think it proper to pursue.

Ruminating on the incidents of the day, and disturbed by the fluctuations of hope and despondency, George Millett passed a sleepless night.

On the following morning he met the placid countenances of his parents with unruffled brow, and tried successfully to enliven, with his usual pleasantry, the morning meal.

The father was evidently proud of the personal appearance, energy, and talent of his ingenuous son; and the son, as well he might, admired the open, intelligent features of his venerable sire; while Mrs. Millett, in placid contentment, surveyed them both, having arrived at the opinion that there was only one really proper husband in the world—and that was John; and there was one peerless officer of His Majesty's navy—and that was John's son.

After breakfast, as was usual, Mr. Millett retired to the library, where he read the newspaper, kept his accounts, and composed his

sermons. George also entered soon after, which he usually did, either to write his letters or to read, as his humour might be inclined.

When they had been a short time in the room, and while the rector was engaged in reading, the lieutenant commenced the conversation.

“My dear father,” he said, “I should like to get married.”

The old gentleman, at first, looked over the newspaper in surprise, then he placed his glasses over his forehead, as if, after such an announcement, he could see more clearly with his naked eyes.

“What did you say, George?”

“Why, sir, you seem surprised that a young man should wish to get married. I suppose at one time, you wanted to get married?”

“Yes, my dear boy, your surmise is perfectly correct; but I was some years older than you are when I first thought of anything so important.”

“Perhaps, sir, you left it rather late; and I think I have heard you say that you preferred early marriages.”

“Well, George, I shall think yours sufficiently early in ten years’ time. Good gracious!



What times are we coming to? Boys now-a-days think themselves men; and youths of five-and-twenty think themselves old men! I shall not object, my dear boy, to your being married, when the proper time arrives, and after you are promoted; but I certainly think, at present, you are a little premature. After a while we shall be able to look about. Ours is an old county family, and although Arthur carried off the land, I had a pretty handsome legacy. There is no family, George, would be ashamed of the name, though some might wish for a longer purse. However, don't be in a hurry, my dear; we will look about, and I dare say, after a while, we shall find a suitable girl."

The son was dismayed at the turn the conversation had taken, but determined to assume a bold front.

"I suppose, sir," said he, "when *you* married, having so strong an interest in the choice, your own inclination was considered — *a little*."

"Yes, that's very true; but then I was older. I don't object to your choosing for yourself, but you are rather a headlong youth. Oh, don't be offended, my dear boy; I rather like it. But even age will never sober you

down to a likeness of your brother John. No doubt you will be able to find a suitable person by-and-by, and I shall not object."

"Well, my dear father, I am more industrious than you think. I have found a suitable person already."

"Indeed! Who may that distinguished person be?"

"She is a lady, sir, that you admire very much; and I trust that you will not allow prejudice to debar me from the dearest object of my heart. I have formed an attachment for Miss Weston, and I now beseech your approval."

"Did I hear aright, George?" said the indignant rector, rising from his chair. "Do you ask my approval to your marriage with a Quakeress? Certainly not! I have nothing to say against the young lady; but a Millett wed a Quakeress! Absurd! I say again, certainly not!"

The old gentleman's face was flushed with anger; but the son had too dear a prize in view to be easily daunted. He waited a little until his father had resumed his seat.

"My dear father," he said, "I am sorry you are so angry with me; but I assure you I will never marry without your consent; nor will

Miss Weston allow me to visit her without the fullest approval from you."

The rector was somewhat appeased.

"Your happiness, my dear boy," said he, "is my dearest wish, as well as the greatest care of your mother; but see how unreasonable a thing you desire. Mind, I have nothing to say against Miss Weston, and I have no doubt her fortune will be more than equal to yours; but you must think a little of respectability and position."

"If," said the son, with considerable feeling, "the respectability of our family is such as to require that I should be wretched for life, I will submit; but I implore you to consider whether it be worth the cost."

The father was visibly moved by this appeal. He desired to be left alone, and he would talk with him on the subject at another time.

The young man accordingly left the apartment, and his father saw him, from the library window, going, with flushed countenance, across the lawn. When he was out of sight the old gentleman placed his spectacles on the table, and walked to and fro in considerable agitation. The effect of his son's appeal was disappearing, and the broad brims, gaunt persons, and impas-

sive countenances of the Friends were rising to view.

He rang the bell with unconscious violence, and desired the servant, in a tone of authority unusual with him, to tell Mrs. Millett that he wished to see her in the library.

The old lady, whose even tenor was disturbed by the unusual summons, entered the room with hasty step, and was somewhat relieved to see her husband standing, and apparently well, though with heated face and contracted brow.

"Is there anything the matter?" she said, as she closed the door.

"No," he said, trying to appear calm, "at least not now. Do you know that George wishes to marry?"

"You surprise me, John! And to whom, pray?"

"To a Quakeress!"

"Now, John, don't alarm me so; but tell me plainly all about it, for I cannot bear this sudden excitement."

"Sudden, indeed, my dear, and all the more unbearable. He came in here after breakfast, to ask my consent to his marriage with Miss Weston, the Quaker's daughter!"

"What answer did you give him?"

"No, decidedly *no*," said the old man, raising his voice, and expressing the monosyllable with strong emphasis.

"You did perfectly right, my dear; but it is very painful that it should have happened."

"Very painful," replied her husband; "so painful that my nervous system is so shaken that I can neither read nor write! It was in vain that I pointed out to him the discredit of such an alliance. The loss of caste, the contempt of my brother churchmen, the scandal of the country, and the disgust of our relations, have no effect on him! I must acknowledge that I was a little shaken when he asked if these things were of more value than his own happiness. He has always been a trouble to us from a child. I remember when you first dressed him in a suit of cloth. He was very proud of his fine clothes in the morning, with his gilt buttons, but he was mud all over before night! He had been chasing the ducks, and following them into the pond! At another time he rode a donkey, without saddle or bridle, and was thrown into the ditch! A workman brought him home, dirty and torn. His next freak was to go to sea alone in the boat, when he could use

only one oar. A fisherman picked him up! Then I brought him up for the Church, and—”

At this point Mrs. Millett interposed.

“I cannot hear you go on like this against poor George. You know, yourself, that when Lord Nelson placed his name in the *Gazette*, and recommended him for promotion, for his gallant services, the tears came over your cheeks like rain-drops. You could neither read nor write then, but at that time it was because the dear boy had made you so happy. You said he was a noble youth, and would be an honour to the family, and so he will.”

The rector was considerably softened by the recollection of the fame his son had acquired at an early age, and said, in a subdued tone,—“I did not mean to distress you, my dear, but one cannot help feeling hurt at this kind of conduct. John would never marry a Quakeress.”

“Perhaps not,” rejoined Mrs. Millett, “and if George does, I shall be sorry for *him*; and when John makes such a mistake, I shall pity his *wife*. However, my dear, I leave the whole matter in your hands. Do what you think right, but don’t forget that if it were



not for her disagreeable connexions, Miss Weston would be, of all I have ever seen, the most desirable daughter. She would adorn any station of society; and—although I wish I had never seen her—I feel bound to say, if I had been a young gentleman, I should have felt very much as George does.”

Having thus assumed courage to speak her mind, Mrs. Millett felt that her mission was ended; and she left the room, deeply offended at her husband’s unjust reflections against her favourite son.

Left alone to take his own course on the subject, Mr. Millett conceived that it required reconsideration. He was impressed by his wife’s indignation at his harsh judgment, and he felt a considerable reaction in his own mind. He thought it was unworthy of him to charge, as crimes, against his son, the freaks of his childhood, which, at the time, he had laughed at as the reckless sport of a spirited boy. They had occurred when the reason was too feeble to check an undaunted courage that had afterwards brought him distinction, and he acknowledged to himself that he was proud of him.

But all these things were nothing to the purpose he was called on to decide. He was

asked to give his assent to an engagement that was very repugnant to his feelings. He had himself been very happy in his own marriage, but he had seen some fatal mistakes among his old acquaintances.

“There was the squire of Trenain,” said he to himself, “who married the heiress of Polglaze. What union could have had a more prosperous appearance? What could human foresight provide that was not prepared on that occasion? In person, fortune, and mental accomplishments, they were eminently suited. The bells rung out their merry peals in half-a-dozen parishes; the villagers, in holiday attire, danced on the green, and the bonfires blazed from many a tor. The beginning was joyous, but the end was divorce! Many a man of ordinary means has had the misfortune to obtain the hand of a girl of distinguished lineage; and his wife, aping the splendour of her father’s house, has brought him to ruin! But what is to be done with George? She is a beautiful girl. I don’t wonder at the fascination, for her conversation is charming, and her manners are elegant. I don’t like that horrid broad-brimmed sect, but he won’t marry the broad-brim, only his daughter. I will tell George that I hoped he would marry

from his own sphere, but if his happiness is concerned, I shall not object."

In this manner the old clergyman reasoned himself into acquiescence. He was not without the prejudices of his class, but the benevolence of his heart overcame them.

In the course of the day George was summoned to the library, and his father, always pleased in doing an act of kindness, received him with a smile.

"Well, George," said he, "I have considered this affair, and although I do it with strong feelings of repugnance, if your happiness is concerned I give my consent."

"I thank you, a thousand times, my dear father," said his son, whose features were glowing with delight. "Will you, then, kindly write to Mr. Weston, and say that I have your perfect consent to marry his daughter, if that should be agreeable to him?"

"I really don't like writing to that man. Go yourself, and say you have my consent."

"That will not do," said his son. "That society treats these matters in a form different from ourselves. The fathers generally do the matrimonial business, and the parties chiefly interested are not much consulted in the

arrangements. It would be very painful to me if any difficulty arose from any inaccuracy of form."

"Do you suppose it possible that he will refuse a son of mine?"

"I hope not, sir; but they are a proud and peculiar people. They are as methodical in their marriages as they are precise in their conversation. They profess not to allow affection or hatred to govern them. They reduce everything to reason."

"In that particular, George, they have the advantage of you, or you would never ally yourself to such a sect."

"I shall have the advantage of them; for I shall take away a pearl, and leave them that the poorer."

"I believe she is a good girl, or I could never consent to this degradation. But what do you wish me to write? You must really dictate, for I never felt so utterly incompetent to do a thing."

"I wish you to say that you will make ample provision for me. I desire it to be understood that Mr. Weston may give any dower or not, as he may think proper; because, being a wealthy man, he might suppose I wanted his money."

“I understand by that, my son, that if you don’t want Mr. Weston’s money, you will want mine. If there were nothing more disagreeable than that, we could arrange it easily. However, I will do my best.”

## CHAPTER XI.

AFTER the return of Lucy from her visit to Edith, she was considerably relieved by the soothing prediction of her friend; but occasionally, even in her well-balanced mind, fits of uncertainty and mistrust would continue to burst forth.

The more she contemplated the character and disposition of George Millett, the brighter seemed his virtues, and even his failings—his reckless impetuosity—had a peculiar charm. It wanted the watchful guidance of a loving hand, such as hers would be.

“For what,” thought she, “is the cause of that heedless manner but a guileless heart, ‘that feeleth no evil, and thinketh no evil’? Who ever saw a cunning, crafty man, waiting his opportunity—like a tiger for his prey—impetuous in speech or hasty in deed?”

Thus she waited on and on, hoping to gain some information of the course the affair was likely to take.

A few days after the conversation between



George Millett and his father, Jonathan Weston was seated at his desk, when the postman brought him a large packet of letters. He was daily accustomed to receive a great many, relating to the various subjects connected with the business in which he was engaged. Mercantile letters of that period were generally fastened with wafers, but those containing inclosures, such as bills for acceptance or cheques for payment, were sealed with red wax, having the initials of the correspondent or the monogram of the firm.

In the postal delivery of that day, in addition to the usual variety, there was one letter that differed from the others in shape, and was sealed with a crest.

The correspondents of the Quaker were generally men of business, and he knew the handwriting of most of them, and could guess at the contents of their letters; but this pretentious crest riveted his attention. Prompted by curiosity, he opened this first, and read the following:—

“Lanwarn Rectory, 20th May, 1818.

“DEAR SIR,—As I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance, I trust you will pardon the liberty I take in addressing you.

“At the request of my son George, I write to inform you that he entertains a high esteem for Miss Weston, your daughter; and he solicits the favour of being allowed to see you on the subject at your house, and to pay his respects to the young lady.

“This course meets with my fullest approval, and I hope will not be unacceptable to you.

“I shall make ample provision for my son, therefore I do not think it necessary to enter into any stipulation with you on the subject, for I shall be perfectly satisfied with any dower you may please to bestow.

“I am, dear sir,

“Yours very truly,

“JOHN MILLETT.

“To Jonathan Weston, Esq.”

Pondering over this epistle for a short time, he allowed nothing in his outward appearance to denote the deep feeling within; but he was astonished, grieved, and indignant.

He laid the letter aside, and passed on to open the others. He sat down to answer his other correspondents, and left the crest-bearing

letter to the last. Then he read it over again, not with the view of considering what answer he should make, but whether he should give it a reply.

It happened that Nehemiah Weeks—with whom an alliance was most desirable—had renewed his offer for Lucy; and, in comparison with him, the tawdry uniform of a lieutenant, the son of a parson, was most disgusting. He was in double hate. He was not only a man-slayer himself, but the son of a priest who preached in a steeple-house.

“The one,” thought he, “a destroyer of the bodies of mankind, the other of their souls, and both making the peace-loving people of the nation pay for their iniquity. The taxes paid the wages of the one, the tithes those of the other; and his daughter was asked to be united to such people of Belial as these.”

“Yes,” said he, to himself; “I will answer his letter—because it appears to have been made in sincerity, and is civil in tone—but in such a manner as will prevent a repetition of the suit. They have, doubtless, seen Lucy, and hope, by the addition of her dower to the Lieutenant’s half-pay, to set him up for life. Hence their very high esteem.”

In this mood the Quaker wrote a reply, which was forwarded by the following post.

Having despatched this epistle, he took into consideration the present position of affairs.

His daughter had received several overtures of marriage, or rather he had received them for his daughter, and of these he had selected two to present for her own choice—one from Josiah Clay, and the other from Nehemiah Weeks.

Some time previous to her visit to Tredart, her father had pressed upon her the different claims of these two wealthy, and we might even say worthy, men. They were steady, plodding, methodical persons, rising into wealth and importance, and becoming leading characters in their own sect.

In seeking the hand of Lucy Weston her father's wealth had not been disregarded; but it cannot be denied—such is the weakness of the most sanctimonious of humanity—that the beauty of the girl had a preponderating effect.

When, with bland and smiling countenance, the good Jonathan came to his daughter with the letters of these swains—if we can call by that name the correct gentlemen that Lucy

had described as wooing her, the one in brown and the other in drab—he expected she would be greatly pleased with the prospect of being the mistress of her own house.

Having expatiated on the merits of each, he blandly told her—looking into her face with a smiling countenance—that she should not be biassed by any one, for the preference should be given by herself.

“They are both so good, my dear father,” said Lucy, who with difficulty preserved the gravity due to the occasion; “they are both so *very* good, that I cannot choose. The only way to obtain a decision is to paint two peas, one drab and the other brown—you know which each would represent—and then play ‘High-or-low’ for them.”

The old gentleman was generally fond of his daughter’s pleasantry, but on the present occasion it was an unfavourable omen. He looked very grave, and said,—“It is very true that they are both excellent, but as I must return answers to them, I would thank thee to acknowledge a preference.”

“My dear father,” said Lucy, “I wish to live with you. I like your pleasant countenance much better than the demureness of these two saints. They should reserve them-

selves for some one better than I am ; and if I am to be properly mated I must have some one not so deserving."

"I did not say," said Jonathan, with the shrewdness of his sect, "that they were not better than thyself. If I thought them worse, I should hardly wish thee to marry one of them ; but, as it is uncertain when such an opportunity may again occur, I was desirous that thou should'st make thy bargain when the market is at the best. Thou hadst an opportunity of discoursing with them when they were here, and couldst not fail to perceive that they were both sensible men ; and I have undertaken to discover that their means are proportionate."

"I did discourse with Josiah, who is in the hardware line," said Lucy ; "and I learnt a good deal about pig iron, and—an iron pig."

"I will allow," said her father—for he secretly desired her choice to fall on Nehemiah—"that Josiah is a little hard, and his mind has not been much enlightened by literature ; but you cannot say that of Nehemiah."

"No, father," said she. "The tallow-chandler is much too soft. He is all moulds and dips. But I must not be unjust to him. As I am too frail for a blacksmith, I shall not



profit by Josiah's instructions; but with Nehemiah it is different. If you should ever suffer from a scarcity of candles, I profited sufficiently by his conversation as to be able to furnish you with a supply."

"Then what answer must I give to those friends?"

"Say," said Lucy, "that I have determined not to be married, that is (she stammered a little), I mean to say, not for the present; and that I am too young to leave my father's house. They will then know, without being told, that I have no desire to be a chandler or a smith. And now, my dear father, why didn't you offer to me blithe Robert Walker, with his ample person and pleasant countenance, instead of those hard-featured men. Josiah, with his long nose, high cheeks, thick lips, and large mouth, is certainly not a captivating man; nor is square-shouldered Nehemiah, whose limbs are so long that he doesn't know what to do with them, likely to fascinate so frivolous a person as I am. I don't mean to say that I could marry Robert Walker, because he is twenty years too old; but I should prefer him to my more youthful swains."

The old gentleman did not think it prudent to press the matter further at that time; and

he forbore to mention the communication of Mr. Millett. He did not know whether Lucy had any knowledge of that missive, and he would rather she supposed that she had no further choice than those he had named.

Lucy had kept up a spirited conversation with her father; but when he departed without any mention of a letter from Mr. Millett, she conceived that George's application to his father had been unsuccessful.

She did not believe, if it had been otherwise, that *her* father could so far forget his principles as to accede to the proposition; but with the compliance of Mr. Millett one of the barriers would have been removed, and it would have been soothing to her pride that an alliance with her sect would not be considered an indelible disgrace. Now she feared the worst; and, retiring to her room, a flood of tears relieved an aching heart.

On the following day the mind of the banker became agitated. He pined for the success of the project on which his mind was bent; but all this anxiety was concealed under a composed exterior. Within there was a boiling cauldron of hopes and fears; but in manner all excitement was suppressed—all was calmness and serenity.

He opened the conversation by informing his daughter that, before his letter was despatched to Nehemiah, he wished to make her acquainted that, in the renewal of his offer, he had made an important addition. He had offered to make a marriage settlement of ten thousand pounds, and would further engage to bequeath to her sole use the residue of his property at his decease.

“This offer, my love, is so generous,” said the father, “and proves so clearly the strength of his affection, that I wish thee to reconsider thy former determination. I will not conceal from thee that, in presenting the two offers for thy unbiassed judgment, my preference was in favour of Nehemiah. His education has been good, and he has improved his mind by a profitable course of reading. In every sense, he is the most desirable person to be thy guide and protector.

“I am now getting old, and it is my greatest desire to see thee in safe hands before the time arrives—which cannot be long delayed—when I can no longer be thy guardian. Therefore, I wish thee to send a more favourable reply to Nehemiah; and it will not be out of place to say that, under the circumstances, it is my dying request.”

When Jonathan Weston had concluded this feeling appeal, he was visibly affected. Even the barriers which habit and education had raised gave way, and, hanging down his head, the tears flowed down his furrowed cheeks in quick succession. The distress of her father, and his anxiety on her account, deeply affected Lucy, who bent forward on his neck, and for a short time neither of them spoke. After a while Mr. Weston, feeling his cheek moistened by the tears of his child, raised himself, and placing her on a chair, said, "We ought both of us to be superior to this. I can forgive thee, my love; but I am truly ashamed of myself."

They waited a little in silence, the father feeling that he must not be unjust to his daughter by pressing her for a hasty reply, and Lucy required a little time to consider by what method, that would be the least painful to his feelings, she could refuse his request. Her energy rose with the occasion, and there was a firmness of tone and manner that indicated an unshaken resolve.

"My dear father," she said, at length, "you have taught me, both by precept and example, not to be guided by my feelings, but to trust the course of my conduct to conscience and

reason. It is well you have done so, or at this moment, with a desire to gratify you, I might adopt a course that would end in consequences the most opposite to your wishes. Although you have called on me to unite myself to this man, as your dying request, my conscience tells me that by a weak compliance I shall be neither doing justice to you, to him, nor to myself. I don't know whether I have been cursed by Providence in having feelings stronger than becomes humanity, but my repugnance to this person would not permit me to wed him. And, if that could be possible, what would become of the duty I should owe him as his wife? Then, I ask, should not I myself desire to live at least in peace, and, if possible, in contentment; and is it not your desire that I should do so? By acceding to your request I should be false to him, false to myself, and false to the dearest wishes of your own heart. No, my dear father, I can live with you, succour you in your old age, read to you when you cannot see, attend to you when you cannot move, promise, if you will, that I will never leave you; but marry this man—never!”

## CHAPTER XII.

AFTER Lucy Weston had announced her determination—which was done with unusual energy—she sat in silence; and her father, feeling that enough had been said for the present, reserved the letter of Mr. Millet for a future occasion, and left the room without any further remark.

He went immediately into the bank, and transacted business with his usual punctuality and precision; but there was a bitter disappointment rankling in his heart. He had never, until now, ceased to hope that time and reflection would subdue the antipathy of his daughter to the alliance he so much desired; but a refusal so positive and determined had extinguished doubt, and substituted despair. The hope of a life of calculation and toil had been suddenly blasted. Years of stratagem and prevision, that would have done credit to a managing mother, had been wasted, and the fruit, almost mature, had been dashed to



the ground by the very hand it was intended to bless.

Had anything occurred to produce an aversion so bitter? Was there any previous attachment? Had Lucy any knowledge of the letter from Lanwarn?

These were harassing questions, to which Mr. Weston could give no reply, and his feelings at the time were too excited to proceed with any further inquiry.

Three days passed by before the father could feel sufficiently composed to interrogate his daughter on the subject of the letter; and, having discovered a favourable opportunity, he approached her with the ill-omened missive in his hand.

“I wish thee, Lucy, to read this letter,” said he, “and to let me know thy opinion on the subject of it.”

She took the letter without any affectation of surprise, and although she guessed its purport opened it with a composure that her father could not surpass. She read every word with scrutinizing attention; and having satisfied herself that she was fully acquainted with its tone and spirit, as well as its phraseology, returned it, looking at her father with an open, ingenuous, and composed countenance.

“What dost thou think of the contents?” said Mr. Weston.

“It is addressed to you, father; it is not my province to think about it. Whatever reply you deem advisable I hope you will send, and I shall learn to submit to your decision.”

“Is this letter forwarded with thy consent?”

“Yes, father, it is.”

“Then I have informed him that I cannot entertain his proposal.”

“And I, my dear father, shall know how to act as becomes your daughter.”

The banker understood his child, and felt no further uneasiness on the subject. He left her with the letter in his hand, and tried to forget these unpleasant proceedings in the occupation of his business.

Whether, in his reply to Mr. Millet, Jonathan Weston had intended to show his contempt, or whether he felt it unbecoming his own dignity to make any alteration of his usual course, may be doubtful; but it is certain that, instead of the thick, Bath-post, gilt-edged paper sealed with wax, which the Rector and his correspondents were accustomed to use, the Quaker's letter was on common business-paper of the coarsest kind, and fastened with a wafer,

which it was unusual for any gentleman of that period to send or receive.

A few days after he had despatched his overture to Mr. Weston, the rector was seated in his library, when the post-bag, which was daily sent to the nearest post-town to receive his letters, was brought to Lanwarn.

It was one of the daily pleasures of the old gentleman's life to receive the contents of this bag, for, besides containing the letters from his acquaintances and friends—for there were several old college chums whose regard he highly esteemed—it brought the daily newspaper which, in his quiet retreat, made him acquainted with the turmoil of the busy world.

On this occasion he unlocked the bag—for he always kept the key in his waistcoat-pocket—and found three letters for himself; the rest were addressed to George, Mrs. Millett, and others of the household. Two of those for himself were in the handwriting of friends, and, he conceived, of no pressing importance; but the other was a curiosity—at least in appearance. It was a long, narrow, letter, of thick, blue paper, wafered, and addressed as follows:

“ John Millett,

“ Lanwarn.”

This singular missive claimed immediate attention. The old gentleman's fingers shook, in his haste to tear open the tough paper ; and when that was done, the inside half of the sheet had three folds, as if it contained something secret and valuable. When these folds were turned back, he found the following reply to the overture he had made in behalf of his son :

“ Penwith, 23rd of 5th Mo., 1818.

“ To John Millett,

“ Respected Friend, — I received thine of yesterday's date, and in reply have to inform thee that I cannot entertain thy proposal.

“ I am, thy friend,

“ JONATHAN WESTON.”

Mr. Millett had entered that period which is called the wane of life ; but he was a hale and hearty old man. He was honourable in his conduct, amiable in disposition, and courteous in manner. He was a person of refined taste ; and the good breeding he received in his ancestral home had been improved by his associations at the university. He was esteemed

a learned man for his day, having acquired distinction at his college; and, although his mornings were passed in the cultivation of the glebe, he spent his evening with those classic authors whose fame is stamped with the durability of thousands of years.

Mr. Weston, the banker, was not a less honourable man than the clergyman, but he was less refined. His knowledge of English literature was not inferior, but it was limited to that; and, although he was an amiable and agreeable man, he wanted the polish of his clerical neighbour.

The dominant party, too, has the vantage ground, and can choose its own method of parrying attack, while there is always something boisterous and rude in those who assail.

Men do not always analyze their feelings when speaking or writing to those who are opposed to them; if they did they would frequently find that they had imported into the subject animosities entirely foreign to the matter in dispute. How much of the hatred of tithes, prelacy, and priestcraft was there in the three lines that composed the Quaker's letter! How could the tone of that sound in unison with a tender of love?

The rector rose from the perusal of the letter with feelings of indignation and disgust. He felt deeply the humiliation of having addressed a letter soliciting an alliance for his son to such a man as that. He paced the room many times in considerable agitation, and then proceeded to make Mrs. Millett acquainted with the result of his overture.

"I have received a reply," said he, "from the person that George wished to be his father-in-law! Read it, my dear, 't isn't a lengthened epistle."

He presented the elongated letter, holding before her eyes the address (John Millett).

Mrs. Millett felt surprised, both on account of her husband's manner, and the peculiar appearance of the letter, and took it by one corner between the tips of her fingers, as if apprehensive that it contained something infectious.

This restored the old gentleman's good humour. He laughed at her suspicion, and assured her that there was nothing worse in it than the gall of which a Quaker's ink was composed.

Mrs. Millett read the reply, and felt equally indignant at its insolent brevity.

"Now," said the clergyman, "I think this



will cure George; for it is the coldest plaster ever applied to an acute inflammation. He will be hurt that he ever induced me to apply to this bare-boned schismatic. Tell him not to say a word to me on the subject. I forgive him. Let him carry about this letter as an amulet against any future sectarian misadventure; and when again he sues a pretty girl, let him beware that an evil genius is not watching him, in the disguise of a drab coat and leather breeches."

Mrs. Millett took an early opportunity of acquainting her son with the failure of his suit, and placed in his hands the ill-fated letter; but the communication had not the effect that his father supposed.

Their last parting had impressed on the young man that Lucy was not indifferent to him; and he determined that nothing on earth that he could remove should stand in his way.

About a week after this communication he visited Mrs. Kelly, and made her the confidante of all past proceedings, and that busy lady undertook to convey to Miss Weston any letter he might choose to intrust. George said that he certainly did intend to forward one letter, which he would confide to Mrs. Kelly, and

afterwards he should immediately apply to the Admiralty for an appointment.

In a short time after this conversation Mrs. Kelly, in one of her visits to Penwith, conveyed a letter to Lucy. It recounted the bitter disappointment he had received.

"My father," he wrote, "had perfectly acquiesced in the proposal, although at first he had objected in consequence of the difference of our creeds. I shall never cease to hope that Providence will one day open a way for our union. I will daily pray for your happiness and safety, and trust that when I am far, far away, with deep seas between us, you will think kindly of one who can never forget you."

Lucy was deeply affected by this epistle; but felt that duty to her father, as well as the promise implied in her answer to him, forbade any correspondence. She told Mrs. Kelly that she wished her to inform George that his letter should not be forgotten, and that it might be they should meet again under happier auspices, but, if not, she would not cease to pray for his welfare.

"Ask him," said she, "for my sake, to write no more letters. I shall be certain to hear of him, and shall anxiously watch his progress through the world."

Mrs. Kelly returned to Tredart, feeling as much interest in the two lovers as if the case had been her own, for a wonderful amount of zeal is infused into a generous heart by unlimited confidence. She took Mr. Kelly into her councils, and asked, "What more could be done?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Kelly; "at least for the present. George Millett will go to sea, and occupy his mind with the business of his profession, Lucy will be thinking of her lost lover, and Jonathan Weston will try to marry her to some wealthy Quaker."

"There, I believe, John, you have hit the most formidable obstacle. The Friends don't pretend to marry for affection, unless the union be accompanied with substantial means of adding to the comforts of life, as well as to commercial importance. They despise military glory; but are not averse to the glory of being the aristocrats of the Exchange. Lucy had too much the caution of her sect to disclose it, and it might not be right; but I believe the fierce opposition to the Lieutenant is rendered more intense by some more eligible person of her father's choice."

"I am sorry they ever met," said Mr. Kelly; "and I think you must now wish that you

had given them fewer opportunities for love-making."

"Indeed, I do not," said his indomitable spouse. "George Millett will be a better and a wiser man for his association with Lucy Weston; and whatever disappointment he may suffer, he will feel it an honour to have the affection of a beautiful girl, so refined, intellectual, and well informed, and, above all, so sensible of what is becoming a lady and a daughter. I went to see her with the impression that she was entangled in a very difficult position, but I soon found my mistake. Her course was immediately defined and adopted with unswerving rectitude, and I never admired her more than when I left her. I have done George Millett no wrong if I have given him an opportunity of knowing such a girl. There, at least, my conscience is at rest. Nor do I think that Lucy will have anything to lay to my charge. Whoever she might marry of that peculiar sect, he would be so unsuited to her taste that her life would be a state of endurance—uncomplaining, perhaps—but not the less wearisome. It is the perpetual loathing that is the cancer of life, for which there is no succour, but by the merciful hand of death."

“A life spent in pining for what we cannot get may also need the merciful hand of death,” said Mr. Kelly, shaking his head ominously as he rose from his seat, and left the room, his loquacious wife feeling indignant that he should have an opinion of his own, and should question the wisdom of her proceedings.

The day after this conversation the Lieutenant called at Tredart, being anxious to know the result of the interview.

Mrs. Kelly gave him a particular account of all that had passed, and of Lucy Weston's request.

He felt much grieved that there could be no correspondence between them, while he admired the truthfulness of the resolve. He believed the time would yet come when he should obtain the dearest prize of his life; and it was something to be proud of that he was honoured with the regard of such a girl.

“I have received my appointment,” said he; “and hope to be promoted when I return. If anything unusual should occur, I will trust to you, Mrs. Kelly, to inform me of it; and I feel that I shall live to see a happier day.”

Mrs. Kelly promised to make him acquainted with any change affecting his interests, and George took leave of his good friends, thanking them warmly for the many favours they had bestowed on him ; and a short time after he sailed for a foreign station, leaving all that was dearest in his native land.



## CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Jonathan Weston had the misfortune to lose his wife, and Lucy—then an infant—the calamity to be deprived of her natural guardian, the household affairs devolved on one Rachel Wadge, a member of the Society of Friends. She had been hired by the late Mrs. Weston, and was esteemed by that excellent lady for her strong common-sense, her integrity, and attachment.

She was at once the housekeeper and servant. Her zeal for the interests of the family, and her care and frugality, had won a position of importance; and there were very few things relating to the household in which the advice of this worthy person was not asked and adopted.

She was short and stout, and her appearance in general was not calculated to attract followers; nor do we know that she was ever under the painful necessity of disappointing any swain fascinated by her charms.

She had been known to aver that at one time she was slim, but that was beyond the

recollection of her cotemporaries, and, at the period of our history, there was nothing to denote it. From the shoulders downward there was one uniform appearance, and it would have been difficult to tell the length of her waist, except that her apron-strings might be supposed to surround the smallest part of her person.

She differed from servants in general, by wearing a brown stuff gown—it was not called a dress in those days—instead of the dark-blue printed cotton, adorned with the white spot, which was the badge of the class; and instead of black, she wore on special occasions large silver buckles on her shoes.

Her education may be said to have been picked up, rather than instilled; and at one time her geographical knowledge was of good service.

There was one Susan Roskelly, a thriving woman of business, who kept a grocer's shop. She was a buxom and venerable spinster; who paid attention to every department of profit, and had been known to rate a customer roundly because he discontinued the use of snuff, without regard to her stock, although the privation had been endured in pursuance of medical advice.

Her patronymic was as we have said, but the character of the times was economical in names, and that high-sounding appellation was reduced, for the sake of brevity, to Skillen.

Rachel was making her usual grocery purchases of this venerable maiden lady, when the following dialogue took place.

“Tay’s riz,” said the groceress.

“Tay riz!” said Rachel, in unfeigned astonishment; “what’s that for?”

“Because there’s war in Ingey.”

“Then I tell thee, Susan Skillen, tay can’t be riz till there’s war in Chainey.”

By this well-timed information the shop-keeper’s benevolent design was frustrated, and Rachel’s master sipped his favourite beverage without paying the additional tax.

Rachel Wadge entertained a high respect for Mr. Weston, and was greatly attached to his charming daughter, who was at once her love, her hope, and her pride.

She had now lived a generation in the family, and had another servant under her to perform the drudgery of the house. She volunteered her opinion and advice both to her master and his daughter, whenever she thought them necessary; and it should be recorded to her honour, that her interference was prompted

by an earnest zeal for the welfare of both. The confidence was reciprocal, for she was taken into council upon every internal arrangement, and made acquainted with many circumstances that were not to be communicated to the world without.

Some time after the indignant reply of Jonathan Weston had been forwarded to the rector, Rachel perceived that something had happened that caused a considerable change in the deportment of Lucy.

She cared less for the society of Mary Treloar, who was both intelligent and amusing, and she was disinclined to take her customary walks. She read, and sewed, and knitted—and she mused.

At times the motherly old domestic, who watched her with unflagging zeal, saw a thoughtful sadness steal over her cheeks, and she left the room, and busied herself in the culinary department with more than usual flutter.

She grieved to see her lamb as she called her—and she was her pet lamb—in trouble, and Lucy could suffer no pain that was not painful to Rachel.

The continuance of this plaintive mood, like a chronic disease, determined Rachel to dis-

cover the cause, that "chased the native beauty from her cheek." She resolved to probe the wound, and if she could not mitigate, she would share her grief.

"O, what portents are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loves me not."

When Lucy first became acquainted with the determination of George Millet to seek active employment as a relief to his brooding sorrow, she felt the full force of the disappointment that her father's rigid principles had imposed. If she could have seen him, if she could have said farewell, or if, meeting him again, she could have acknowledged her devoted attachment to him, she could bear, as she thought, unrepining, the separation. But *now* it was too late, and for three long years oceans would lie between them!

Would George forget her? Would not some other lady, who could play, sing, and dance, attract his attention? How could she blame him? Treated by herself with comparative coldness, dismissed by her father with disdain, what could she expect?

Then, again, the consoling letter brought by Mrs. Kelly, relieved her despondency. She

would think of him, pray for him, and wait. One thing was certain—dutiful obedience to her father was right, and the right course would bring no painful reflections at last.

Lucy was one day reflecting in this strain, when her depression again attracted the attention of her faithful attendant, who took the opportunity of remarking that she did not appear so well as usual.

“Wouldst thee like me to give thy love to Mary Treloar, and ask if she would take a walk with thee?”

“Thank thee, Rachel,” said Lucy, for she generally humoured the old woman in adopting the Quaker phraseology in speaking to her. “Thank thee, I’m not inclined for a walk. I have a headache, and besides, I wish to finish this work. I will take a walk with her another day.”

“Is Nehemiah Weeks coming here soon?” asked Rachel. He hathn’t been here lately. I thought at one time he was going to take thee away. If we could keep thee always I should never wish to see Nehemiah again, but we can’t expect thee not to be married.”

Unconsciously Lucy sighed. The thought was in her mind that what Rachel did not expect was very likely to take place.



“ I don’t think Nehemiah will ever come again,” said Lucy. “ He is a very worthy man, and deserves a better wife than I should ever make.”

“ I don’t want thee,” said Rachel, “ to tell me anything I shouldn’t know, but I think thee might’st trust thy affairs a little to my keeping. Thee art the same as my own child. Hast thee refused Nehemiah ? ”

“ I have, or my father has for me. I could not love him, and I think thou wouldst not advise me to marry him.”

“ No, my tender lamb. I ’m not sorry thee could’nst love him. I never wish to see again a marriage without love. I’ve seen it once. They didn’t ought to have married. Thee know ’st who I mean. Why, the man might have made a good husband and the woman a good wife if they ’d been fitly mated. They never quarrel, but the wife lives in one part of the house and the husband in another. He hates his wife because she is a fine lady, and she hates her husband because he’s a beast. Twenty thousand pounds be wasted, and the children will be beggars! No, my child, if thee canst not give thy love, stay as thee art.”

“ Then thy advice,” said Lucy, “ is to marry the man thou lovest ? ”

If the young lady thought to get the consent of the elderly domestic to this she was a little mistaken.

“Not always, my dear. There’s sometimes a mistake in the fancy; and a good girl, and a clever one, may make a bad choice. Thy father can tell thee, better than me, who may be suitable.”

“Well, then, my dear Rachel, I will tell thee all. While I was staying at Tredart I was introduced to George Millett, who is a lieutenant, the son of the clergyman of Lanwarn. After my return he induced Mr. Millett to ask my father to allow me to marry him, and my father has refused.”

“And thee art grieving because thee has lost the young man that thee lov’st? Thy cheeks be pale, thy appetite’s gone, and thee wouldst be here moping all the day long. I love thee dearly, and I’m sorry for thee, but I can’t condemn thy father. He loves thee more than all the other things of the world. ’Tis for thy good he hath refused. The man is not of thy faith. He is a man-slayer, and his father’s as good as a Papist. I trust thee wilt forget him.”

“Never, Rachel!” said Lucy, with energy.  
“Never, until he forgets me!”

“Then,” said the old woman—although she thought at the time that few men could forget her—“I hope he will forget thee!”

This was spoken with so much asperity, and in a tone so unusual, that Lucy hung over her work, and preserved an indignant silence. In addition to the misery that the fulfilment of such a wish would entail, her pride was wounded by the supposition that the person to whom she had yielded her heart could readily forget her.

The old servant's temper had given way from the consideration that she had refused an eligible man of their own creed for a mere lieutenant, whose father was the minister of a Papistical church.

But feeling how much she had pained and offended her young mistress, the idol of her heart, a reaction took place. She could not live with anything but love between them.

“It is thy happiness I wish for,” sobbed the old woman; “and if the man thee lov'st will bring it, Heaven grant that he may have thee.”

Lucy rose from her chair, and, hanging over the neck of her old guardian, said,—“We must never be angry again.”

When Jonathan Weston found that his

daughter felt a repugnance to a union with either of the two friends he had proposed to her, he refrained from using any coercive means to effect his object. His own kindly disposition would have dictated this course, but, in addition, there was a warning example in the case related by Rachel Wadge.

The persons referred to were both of the Society of Friends, and one of them a near connexion of his own.

It happened that the lady had been highly educated in the course of studies at that time pursued in the higher establishments of that sect. Her tastes and pursuits were of an intellectual order, and she had many personal attractions. Unfortunately, as in the case of Lucy, her preference was given to a gentleman who had been educated in the doctrines of the Church, which were very distasteful to her father.

It happened about the same time that a young man of their own Society had succeeded to a large inheritance, and he at once proposed for the fascinating young Quakeress.

Not only did her father forbid any encouragement to the suitor of her choice, but, being a stern man, insisted on her reception of the wealthy Quaker as her future spouse.

In the course of time, the repugnance of the young lady was so far overcome that she consented to the marriage; and that, with Quakers, very simple ceremony—"I consent to take thee, Stephen, as my husband"—was hurried on, and was accomplished before her utter aversion seemed to be fully known to herself, she being almost a passive instrument.

In Rachel's homely words, "they were not fitly mated"; indeed, they were most unsuitable for each other's society. The husband was low and vulgar in his tastes. He was not deficient in ability, but the indulgence of his father had permitted great irregularity in his education. His pursuits were shooting and fishing, otter-hunting and badger-baiting, to the disgust of his refined and intellectual wife.

The usual bitter consequences succeeded. Uncongenial company at home caused a recourse to low and disreputable companions abroad. Their wealth, which, for their station, was at first abundant, was soon diminished. The two parties seemed in competition for its most speedy dispersion, and at last, without any rational enjoyment, they squandered their fortune, and became the recipients of the

charity of their friends. The children were scattered over the wide world, dependent on those who took pity on their helpless condition.

The impression made by this unfortunate union prevented the banker from using anything more stringent than his warm recommendation, and Lucy was left free to refuse Nehemiah if the proposal was repugnant to her feelings.



## CHAPTER XIV.

WE must leave the Lieutenant sailing on his long voyage, and relate what transpired in the mean time at Tregarth.

For a considerable period after his marriage, Lascare continued to superintend the landings; but the adventurers discovered that the increased vigilance of the Government required on their part corresponding activity, and it became necessary to have a new cruizer, whose outline should be so defined that she might outstrip the fleetest cutter in His Majesty's service.

A skilful designer supplied them with a model, having the rakish character of an American privateer, combining lightness with solidity. Stowage and berthage were sacrificed for speed. On two points especially she excelled. She could be sailed nearer to the wind than any other, and the lightest zephyr impelled her through the water as if some magic influence had set her in motion,

while the hulls of her companions sat motionless on the sea.

She was built at a private yard in the north of England, painted as an ordinary trading vessel, and, as will be seen hereafter, in order that her characteristics might be unknown, never entered a British port.

It was a matter of serious consideration that a person should be selected for the command of this craft who could make the best use of her capabilities; and the opinions of all pointed to Lascare. It cannot be denied that he was secretly proud of the preference, and anticipated a pleasure in manœuvring the sloop in the presence of a foe.

The loss of the cargo caused by the information of the banker's clerk had no serious effect on the traffic, because their profits were large, and they did not expect to be always successful.

Nor could William Meadows again obtain such important knowledge of the disposition of the cargoes, for the hiding-place of the beach having been once discovered, there was no further attempt to use it as a place of concealment. The other hidden hollows of the island were still the secrets of the smugglers alone, and if an approach to them should at any time

be inconvenient, they could always resort to the practice of sinking a cargo to the bottom of the sea.

But the informer had frequent opportunities of giving important information relating to the movements of Lascare, the departure of the cruizer, and her expected return. This knowledge he obtained by mixing with the people, apparently with the most innocent intentions, by his watchful observance of the movements of their leading men, and occasionally by the confidential conversation carried on between Spillar and Mr. Drew.

Of all occupations, the most distasteful to the feelings of an Englishman is that of informer. His calling requires that he should be sly and cunning, that he should ward off suspicion by an appearance of frankness, that he should sneak into the business of his neighbours for the purpose of deception, and that he should obtain their confidence for the sake of betraying them.

After the first step in this direction, the downward course of William Meadows was speedy. He had been successful, he had received the reward of his treachery, he had tasted the forbidden fruit, and the world still esteemed him an honourable man. By degrees

all compunction ceased, and he even felt pleasure in the exercise of his crafty skill.

The Government were determined to extinguish this remarkable trade, that continued to be carried on in spite of all their exertions, and they forwarded to the guilty clerk his ill-earned fees with the greatest regularity. The avaricious banker secretly carried on a dangerous trade, while his needy assistant plotted to deprive him of his anticipated reward.

Time out of mind a large trade in contraband spirits had been carried on at Tregarth, and, during the war, with small attempt at concealment. The officers, themselves appointed to prevent this illegal traffic, were bribed into connivance, with so much notoriety that their collusion was the subject of ridicule and reproach. The well-known pony had been frequently sold to the smugglers for more than its value. Often had its master returned with a purse well filled with guineas as the price of the horse that never changed owners. The sale was a pretence, and the guineas a bribe.

But those days were gone by. The conclusion of the war placed other means at the disposal of the Government. They not only sent the Preventive Force, as they were then

called, to extinguish the trade, but appointed revenue cutters to scour the Channel, for the purpose of intercepting the smuggling cruisers on their voyage. In addition, they sent a company of dragoons to the neighbourhood to enforce respect for the law.

Yet such was the love of adventure, and the daring character of these men, that, undeterred by those obstacles, they persisted in their lawless calling, and were supported by the sympathies of the great bulk of the community.

The trade formerly carried on with Jersey was now transferred to France. They also adopted a different method for securing their "tubs," as they called them, and pursued their trade with unabated vigour.

Caves of the cliffs, unapproachable by land, were now made use of, and underground repositories were excavated; even gardens were appropriated, and, not unfrequently, onions and leeks were growing over a cargo of French brandy. Secret passages in decayed mansions, now turned into farm-houses, became available; and dark and remote woods served instead of storehouses. The whole inland population were accessories, and there was no crime censured so severely as that which might interfere with the fair trade of the smuggler.

We have already said that Lascare at the time of his marriage had purchased a small detached cottage, situated at a short distance from the town. It was in this neat little dwelling that he and his wife resided, until the hazard of his old courses, and the temptation of the new craft he was appointed to command, drew him away to a perilous career.

Lascare and his wife were much respected, for a friendly people were those of Tregarth, and they soon forgave Edith for being a stranger. Although the sailor was frequently absent his wife was seldom without company, because there were many greatly interested in the success of his pursuits.

Yet she had begun to dread his departure. The appearance of so many preparations to obstruct him; the constant drilling of the coast-guard; the frequent excursions of the military; and, above all, the whisperings that there was a traitor in the camp—though no one knew the delinquent—were sources of anxiety.

In this state were affairs at Tregarth when Lascare departed for the purpose of taking possession of the new clipper, that had been built expressly for his command.

On arriving at Ilster, he examined her mi-



nutely, and, having satisfied himself that she was constructed and equipped in a manner suited to his purpose, he took possession, as she lay amidst a variety of other vessels, then loading and discharging at the port. There was less difficulty at that time in scrutinizing the workmanship of the various craftsmen that are employed in the construction and equipment of those sailors' homes, on the integrity of which so many lives depend. Wood was properly seasoned, joints were securely fastened, and hemp, unmixed with tow, composed the shrouds.

The trades were, as yet, untaught to give the appearance without the reality; and the genius of man had not yet invented those skilful contrivances for deception that have despatched so many coffins, painted in the likeness of strongly-built ships.

Lascare, having taken possession of this new clipper, that had been secretly built and carefully equipped for a hazardous career, sent for the chosen crew that were placed under his command.

The town of Ilster is an old-fashioned place, whose glory, even at that time, was on the wane. Other ports were stealing its trade, and the villages of that day have become the

emporiums of this. Although a considerable traffic was still carried on it had a sleepy look. The old gables, grey with age, were not replaced by the aspiring fronts of a more enterprising people; and the projecting casements, with their carved devices, were interesting to an antiquary, but were not indicative of the improvements required for modern use.

In about a week the crew arrived, and met their captain at a house on the outskirts of the town, where everything was arranged for their future proceeding; for it was necessary that this vessel, which they named the *Swift*, should leave the harbour without those preliminaries that are usual on other occasions. Her name was not to be entered on the books of the Custom-house; she was to depart unmeasured, and proceed to sea without number, register, or clearance.

The sloop was lying by the quay, and several other vessels in the coasting trade were beside her; some had been shipping and some discharging their cargoes in the course of the day; but their labours were over, and the sailors had either gone into the town to spend the evening, or had retired to their berths. To an ordinary observer, there was nothing to distinguish the *Swift* from other vessels in the

harbour, but the sailors admired her yacht-like appearance, while they sagaciously remarked that her stowage was scanty.

After dusk, one by one, the crew embarked. They arrived singly and unobserved, and went below. Not a light was seen or sound heard. All was dark and silent.

Night wore on, and the crews of the other vessels straggled by degrees to their berths.

The moon was in her first quarter, and had gone below the horizon, but had left a bright starlight behind.

The clock from the church-tower struck twelve. It was loud and clear now that there was no hum of business to intercept its sound; and the tide, as if obeying time, began to ebb. At the last stroke of the deep-toned clock, a dark figure emerged from the street leading to the quay.

He approached the vessel, slipped the hawsers from her moorings, and disappeared.

Noiselessly the ropes were hauled on board, while, at the same time, a lanyard fastened to a kedge in the river brought the bow of the sloop to the middle of the stream. From this she silently glided to the mouth of the harbour, and then, all sail being set, took her course to the south-west.

“ ‘ They ’ll have fleet steeds that follow,’ quoth young Lochinvar.”

In the morning the surrounding sailors found a neighbouring vessel had gone to sea. There was nothing remarkable in that: it was of frequent occurrence; but it was very unusual that a craft should sail without waking all the sailors near.

When Jack is about to start at night, he is careful to disturb the enjoyment of any lazy lubber snoring in his berth. He makes the windlass creak; he creates as much noise with the handspike as possible; and he calls his “heave ahoy” with all the power of his lungs. To all this is added the splashing of the water, the creaking of the yards, the growling of the pilots, and the barking of the ship’s dog. They begin this din half-an-hour before, and they continue it half-an-hour later, than necessary, with the benevolent object of disturbing a slumber they cannot themselves enjoy.

The harbour-master, going his rounds the next morning, found a vessel had gone to sea, cheating him of his dues. He immediately applied to the Custom-house for her name and destination, at the same time complaining that they had cleared a vessel for sea without seeing

her vouchers for harbour dues. The authorities of the Custom-house, having granted no clearance under those circumstances, laughed at the water-bailiff, and desired him not again to trouble them with such a cock-and-bull story.

Thus the Swift went to sea without clearance or register. No description of her could be supplied; and, as the old cruiser was broken up, it was for a long time a mystery to the coast-guard by what means the frequent cargoes could be obtained.

During Lascare's absence Lucy Weston was a frequent visitor at Tregarth. At her first visit she was not a little surprised, on entering the sitting-room, at the nature of the embellishments.

The centre-piece over the chimney was a blunderbuss, with its bell-shaped mouth, having a brass barrel as bright as polish could make it. Around this were other implements of war. There were swords of different lengths and shapes. There was the straight sword with naked hilt; the short naval sword with a handle protected by a band of brass; and the long sword with the basket hilt; but all shining as if for parade.

On either side were pistols of different sizes

and shapes—from the small pocket-pistol, the size of a man's finger, to the large horse-pistol that seemed a small gun.

The mantle-piece was adorned with shells of various shapes and sizes, and the sides of the room with engravings of the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar.

"Are you not afraid to stay in the house," said Lucy, "with such companions as these?"

"Oh, no, Lucy!" said Edith, "they are very harmless company while they are up there; and I hope they will never be taken down for any hostile purpose. Besides, Richard has a story attached to them, and often, as we sit alone by the fireside, I get the history of each pistol and sword. He is so fond of recounting their former services, and how he got them, that I can almost tell their by-gones myself. He forgets that I have heard them again and again, and as I see the glow of pleasure in his countenance, as he talks of some exploit in the privateer, I let him go on."

"But do you not wish that he would relinquish this wild life?"

"Yes, at times; but, perhaps, you forget that I have been nurtured in it; and, besides, the pleasure of seeing him return again with his smiling countenance, after shunning his foes



and out-manceuvring their plans, is very great. I am very proud of him, Lucy; but sometimes when I am alone I am very wretched. If at any time he should fail to escape; or if, from illness, he should lose his energy and be taken, the consequence would be awful; but, unfortunately, he loves danger, and the excitement of the hazard is a pleasure. He is fertile in resources; and when the officers discover one mode of deception, he baffles them with another. Yet he has half-promised me that he will shortly give it up."

Soon after this conversation Edith spent a week on a visit to Lucy. The visit was very agreeable to both, for they had no secrets that were not imparted, and the hopes and fears of both were shared. Edith became also a great favourite with Mr. Weston and Rachel, and they were sorry that the expected arrival of Lascare compelled her return.

In the beautiful sloop that had hitherto eluded the utmost diligence of the Government Lascare had made many successful trips. As yet the *Swift* had never been seen by friend or foe; or, at least, had not been recognized. She landed or sank her cargoes in the dark night; and by daylight she was far from the land.

Lascare would sometimes go in a boat to Tregarth, and stay at home a few days while the Swift cruised in the Channel; but he would arrive after dark, and leave before daylight in the morning.

By degrees the smugglers from the hills became acquainted with her, and knew, from both hull and canvas, when she “hove in sight.”

## CHAPTER XV.

THE informer in the mean time had not been idle. Many cargoes had been safely conveyed to their destination, but some had been intercepted. Definite information he had not been able to obtain, but his knowledge of their proceedings had enabled him to place the hunters on the trail of their game.

The chiefs of the Custom-house were unacquainted with the source of the information that was confided to the bland Mr. Perkins, who was the only one entrusted with the secret; and the integrity of that officer was severely tested by the frequent applications of his superiors. He replied that he was bound in honour not to reveal the name of his informant, and he believed the disclosure would not conduce to the benefit of His Majesty's service; at the same time he requested that if they disbelieved the communications, or conceived that they were not worth their attention, they would withdraw their promised reward.

Although there were many adventurers, there were only a few managers of this remarkable trade; and their secrets were so profoundly kept that it was only by watching them, taking note of their meetings, and catching at a word accidentally let fall, that a chain of evidence could be obtained indicative of their future proceedings.

Many conversations had passed between Perkins and Meadows after their first interview. Many guineas had found their way into the empty pockets of the needy clerk. If the disclosures were sometimes not very valuable they were the best that could be gained, and the proceeds of guilt kept the wolf from the door.

It was after Lascare had made many successful trips that the officer again encountered Meadows on his way to Tregarth. They met as two ordinary friends would meet, and talked of the weather and the news. Then, by a mutual understanding, they proceeded to an open space; for so timid was guilt, that even the hedges were feared.

In an undertone, scarcely above a whisper, the officer said,—“Is it true that Lascare has returned?”

“Yes, he has returned.”

“ Can you give me any news ? ”

“ Yes ; but I must first ask you how you were pleased with the last account I brought you ? ”

“ We are of opinion,” said Perkins, “ that it was, in the main, correct, although the coast-guard failed to make a seizure.”

“ Now,” said Meadows, “ you and I must have a plain understanding. I know the risk I run. If I should be suspected on any good grounds my life would not be worth a day’s purchase ; and if it were not for my necessities, it is a business I would not undertake. I will not encounter risk, and allow payment to be subject to the success of the bungling people you employ. I told you the cargo was on the island. Seven men went out to spear the beach, and not finding the prize, returned with the tale of ‘ false information ’ ; as if kegs of brandy could not be secreted in any other place ! The consequence was, that one dark night, when all was quiet, the whole cargo was landed on Leyland beach, and carried twenty miles off before daylight ! If I am to be of any service to you, I will be paid for the information, and not trust to the value that your people may make of it.”

The feeling that very valuable intelligence

had been rendered worthless by unskilful management, had excited the temper of a moderate man; and his statement was delivered with as much energy as his softened voice would permit.

"I believe, my friend," said Perkins, with great mildness, and in a confidential tone, as if imparting a secret, but with the view of pouring oil on the troubled waters, "I believe that you were perfectly correct, but we won't worry ourselves about events that are passed. Let us deal with the present. No intelligence that you may bring shall go unrewarded, at the same time I am bound to say that the amount of the Government donations" (he did not call them bribes) "will depend on its value. Can you tell me where the present cargo is?"

"Yes," said Meadows; "on the island again. I do not know on what part, but you may rely on the truth of it. I have obtained more positive intelligence than usual; and, if you can meet me at this place to-morrow night about this time, the needful will be very acceptable."

They parted, the one went to his home, and the other to cause the strictest watch on the island.

Whether there is a curse on ill-gotten gains,



or whether the improvidence of a thriftless wife was the cause, is uncertain ; but Meadows could never extricate himself from the embarrassments that entangled him.

On that night the men of the Preventive Service were placed opposite the island, within hail of each other ; but not an oar disturbed the deep silence, and nothing could be heard but the gentle wash of the flowing tide. There they watched through the cold and wearisome night, until they saw the island in the grey twilight of the morning, resting like a floating mass on the placid sea.

Leaving a man on the watch, to report any movement that might be made, they returned home to refresh themselves, in order to search the island when the day was further advanced.

The watchman saw the Phinns early at their usual occupation, and there was nothing to indicate any unusual occurrence. The fishing boats were shooting out from every creek, and vessels of all descriptions were taking their destined course.

Nor were the coast-guard the only persons on the alert ; for stealthily creeping under the dark hedge was the emissary of the smugglers, watching the watchers, and listening to their conversation. When the chief officer went

from post to post to see that all were on duty, and to receive from each the report of the night, the wily spy, like the Red Indian, crept on in a parallel line, and drank in all the information they had to impart.

In the course of the forenoon the whole Preventive force, provided with spears, embarked for the island. They landed on the beach and speared the whole strand, but their search was unsuccessful.

Nothing daunted by the first appearance of ill luck, they pressed on, searching every nook and cave, and examining every rock and bush. Afterwards, they explored the dwelling-house and out-houses, and every place that could be suspected was ransacked without effect.

Disappointed and dejected they returned to Penwith, cursing the informer, whoever he might be, that had caused all this commotion, and perhaps had purposely misled them.

On the evening of that day Perkins and Meadows again met, and the reward was duly paid without hesitation.

“They have ransacked every yard of ground on the island,” said the former, “and have not found a keg.”

“Then,” said Meadows, “if they cannot find them, let them still watch. The cargo is

there, and cannot be taken off but by the negligence of the coast-guard."

Time passed on. The men were worn out with incessant duty. That a cargo of brandy had been brought to the coast no one doubted, and in no part was there the appearance of a run; but where it was secreted was an inscrutable mystery.

Lascare, in the meanwhile, was living at ease and enjoyment at home. He had left his vessel in charge of the crew. The smugglers were at rest; and by degrees the excessive watchings of the Revenue force were relaxed.

The secret conclave of smugglers that deliberated at Tregarth were experienced and able strategists. No occasion had yet occurred for which they were insufficient, and no force that the Government had as yet prepared was enabled to baffle them. But they were not infallible; and the best design required a propitious time, and secrecy and skill in its execution.

They had scouts on different parts of the coast, to watch the movements of the Government patrols, to listen to their conversation, and to report all matters connected with the disposition of the force employed against them.

Their spies were now of the greatest importance.

The search of the island, the constant watch for any movement that might occur by day, and the continued guard of the coast by night, were duly reported.

While the officers were exhausting the energies of their men by perpetual exertion, the smugglers rested quietly at home. Without the slightest apprehension, they allowed their opponents to be worn out by fatigue; and when it was reported that their extraordinary exertion had produced the usual indifference, they adopted measures that had some prospect of success.

Perceiving that the island had been an unusual point of suspicion, they were desirous of drawing off attention, as much as possible, from that useful repository. They devised a method by which there should be no appearance of a landing, while at the same time they hoped to secure their venture.

In the afternoon of a calm December day the fishing-boats left Tregarth in their usual number. They proceeded to their fishing-ground, about three miles to the seaward, with the intention of returning with their catches at the usual time.

The short day was succeeded by a dark night, and just when the "toil-worn cotter" was taking his frugal meal, and the coast-guard were waiting for the last orders of their chiefs, a light shot forth from the top of Tenbraze, and, a minute later, another light from the beacon of Pengale. Immediately the second light was observed the first disappeared, and then the beacon fire was also extinguished.

This did not occupy three minutes of time. From the sea and from the island both lights could be seen; but from the mainland it was barely possible that the two could be observed, except by those expecting their appearance. The lights were opposite to each other, five miles apart by sea, and fifteen by the circuitous shore.

Two hours later, a boat approached the island from the sea, and three men landed, who silently took their way to the house.

Shortly after, a much larger boat arrived, rowed by two men, who also groped their way to the dwelling of the Phinns.

An hour passed away, during which the whole island was as silent as the grave. Then the five men, and the two that were the inhabitants of the place, were engaged in loading the larger boat with kegs of brandy, which they

took from the cow-house—the very same house that had been searched by the emissaries of the Government four weeks before.

It seems strange at the present day that so determined a search was so unsuccessful; but it should be remembered that there was no suspicion attached to the cow-house in particular, and if there had been, the ingenious contrivance for concealment might have baffled their skill.

When the searchers arrived, the cow and two oxen were munching their turnips, and, except the straw and the turnips, the three animals were the only things to be seen. Besides, the floor was paved with pebbles, and was as hard as the turnpike-road. But under the turnips and in front of the cow was a well-hole, large enough to admit the body of a man. Two feet below the surface layers of plank covered it; the wood was concealed with rubbish, and the whole paved, so that the entire floor had the same appearance.

This hole was the secret passage to a cavern, excavated to contain a cargo. In that cavern was the brandy of which Meadows had given the information, and there many cargoes, before and since, have lain concealed.

This was not the only secret cavern of the



island; there were others still more mysterious, but this was the most convenient.

The seven men silently loaded the boat. There was neither voice heard nor light seen, for they wisely forbore giving any indication of their purpose to the watchmen within hail on the opposite coast.

They loaded her to the gunwale, that she might not attract attention. Two men rowed her off with muffled oars, and Lascare guided her course. As speed was not of so much importance as secrecy, they relied on silence and darkness. The mainspring of all this movement was the light from Tenbraze, and the beacon light was an acknowledgment of the signal, and the announcement that the design would be carried into effect.

The boat glided noiselessly eastward with the flowing tide, and the oars were used more to guide than to propel it.

In this manner they arrived at the harbour of Penwith. Here was the trial of their hazardous expedition.

They must pass the guard-house, which was on the bank of the river, unnoticed; the boat must be neither seen nor heard, nor must any glimmering light from window or vessel divulge their daring voyage.

The two rowers lay flat on the cargo during this critical passage, while Lascare, keeping his head on a level with the gunwale, guided the boat.

In this manner they entered the harbour. When they arrived opposite the station, they heard the measured footsteps of the watchman. This was the important time. Not a movement now—even with the rudder. She must drift, and they must trust their course to fortune. They glided on, and still the heavy tread was heard, but fainter and fainter; all else was motionless and silent.

Now the sound died away, and the rudder was plied to keep her head to the stream. Swifter flowed the tide as the channel became narrower; and at length they threaded the bridge. Here they whispered, "All right." Still they floated noiselessly on, until they arrived at a point at the confluence of two rivers.

This was the termination of their fortunate voyage. Here a number of men and horses were ready to convey the goods into the interior.

Waiting the turn of the tide, they afterwards floated again to the sea; and still preserving the utmost silence, landed again on the island,

having accomplished their purpose without suspicion.

The large boat was rowed to the creek from which she started ; and the fishing-boat, having first taken on board a portion of the others' catches, arrived at Tregarth on the following morning.

The men sold their fish, and went to their homes. No one imagined the nature of the night's occupation ; although it was remarked that their catches were small.

## CHAPTER XVI.

IN the town of Penwith was a choice band of jovial spirits, who spent their nights in convivial entertainments, in which was the feast of song and the flow of soul. It was composed of a motley group of shopkeepers, half-pay officers, and a Supervisor of the Excise.

At their meetings the news of the day was freely discussed, and the achievements of the undaunted Lascare was a frequent topic. The Supervisor was sometimes twitted as being hostile to the noble occupation of cheating the revenue, but he apologized for not sharing in their feelings by stating that while he sympathized with them in the opinion that French brandy was the most beneficial of all drinks, and ought to be duty free, yet he had touched the King's coin, and must do his duty.

"I do not go out of my way," said he, "to seize the article, but if they bring the stuff before my eyes, I can't fail to see it."

This sentiment was greatly applauded, and allowed to be a sufficient excuse for that

lack of enthusiasm that others felt for the trade.

One night, when the party had been unusually hilarious, and toasts, and smoking, and vocal music were added to the "rosy," the Supervisor was called on for a parting song, as the clock had already gone "ayont the twal." Nothing loath, the jolly representative of authority, with much feeling, sang the following ditty:—

"Punch cures the gout, the colic, and  
the phthisic;  
And it is to every man,  
*And it is to every man*  
The very best of physic.

"He that drinks, and goes to bed sober,  
Falls as the leaves do,  
*Falls* as the leaves do,  
And dies in October.

"He that drinks, and goes to bed mellow,  
Lives as he ought to live,  
*Lives* as he ought to live,  
And dies a jolly fellow."

The two last lines of each verse were sung again in chorus by the whole company with great animation.

The song was received with applause, and

all rose to depart. Some could walk with tolerable steadiness, others, striding with difficulty, could barely keep the perpendicular.

The representative of the Excise was among the latter, and he staggered towards his home, regretting that time moved too fast for such jolly companions.

It happened that just at the moment he waddled along the quay, the last boatload of kegs from the island was floating silently up the stream. He perceived the boat, and, guessing the object of her voyage, in a fit of obedience to duty, he called on the crew to bring her to land.

Lascare and his party were silent and motionless, while the boat glided along. Again the Supervisor vociferated his orders, and threatened to fire if they did not immediately come to the shore.

The same contemptuous silence succeeded, and the drunken officer wandered home, unable to determine whether he had really seen the craft, or whether it was the myth of an overheated imagination.

But the noise of this bawling bacchanalian disturbed the inhabitants, and drew the attention of cooler heads to a means of securing a cargo that before had escaped their notice.



Notwithstanding their success with this cargo, the method of its disposal was not to be too frequently repeated, it was too near the lion's mouth.

Sometimes the smugglers would give information of an intended run, and dupe the officers with lights, and other appearances of preparation. But it was a decoy, and while the whole Preventive force was searching for a supposed cargo, or sweeping the bottom of the sea with grappling-irons, the real landing was effected elsewhere.

The last importation having been disposed of in the manner related, Lascare again embarked for another venture.

Generally, while her husband was absent on these expeditions, Edith spent much of her time on the island with her mother; and indeed it became necessary now, for age had begun to make inroads on her health.

Far away from those who were once dear to her, the old lady felt relief in the attentions of her daughter, for although her husband was kind, there were many feelings in her educated mind for which there was no sympathy. However desirous to be attentive he may be, a coarse and ill-bred man's attentions will always be insufficient to satisfy the taste and

refinement of a lady. Fortunately Edith was in a position to make amends for her father's shortcomings, and she smoothed the pillow of the parent to whom she owed so much. She watched by her day and night, and sometimes thought her mother had something to communicate; but, after an effort, she again lay back, the tears flowed freely over her face, and the opportunity was lost. Whatever it was that lay heavily on her mind, it died with her. She was buried in the churchyard on the opposite coast. Before twelve months had elapsed, her husband followed her, and they rest together on the hill overlooking the sea. Their son soon after sold off the stock and implements, and embarked for America; and Edith never again saw kith or kin.

After these occurrences Lucy Weston felt more and more bound to the bereaved child, as she called her; and during Lascare's absence, had her frequently at Penwith. The heroic conduct of Edith in saving the life of the man she afterwards married, raised her very much in the estimation of the world; and her unaffected, easy, and elegant manner, combined with a large amount of common-sense, won the esteem of Jonathan Weston.

It is the happiness of the Society of Friends,

that they can treat every one, whose conduct is respectable, on terms of equality ; and they are never troubled about the loss to their gentility on that account.

It grieved the old Quaker that the energies of a man like Lascare should be wasted in an unlawful and dangerous calling, and he urged on Edith that it would conduce much to their comfort if she could succeed in weaning him from his hazardous enterprises to a more useful life ; and he even promised to make him master of one of his own vessels, if he would accept the post. Edith felt deeply impressed with the advantages of this offer, and promised to use her influence to induce Richard to accept the exchange.

Lascare was now absent, and was expected shortly to return ; and his wife having taken leave of her kind friends, returned to Tregarth.

The report of the departure of Lascare for another voyage had been forwarded to the Board of Customs ; and, as might have been expected, after such a profusion of expenditure and display of force, they were greatly enraged.

They had provided Revenue cutters, coast-guard stations, custom-house officers, excise-

men, a mounted patrol, and a company of dragoons, and all were disregarded and set at defiance by a small band of desperate men.

The chiefs of the different departments held a consultation, which resulted in fresh orders to all the officers under their command.

The Customs, the Excise, and the military were directed to be on the alert, and the coast-guard and mounted patrol were ordered to watch nightly every part of the coast; while the cutter was directed to cruise from the Ram to the Dodman.

Promises of reward and threats of severe displeasure were circulated in relation to the absent craft, and everything indicated a determination to stamp out the illicit trade. The watch for the reappearance of the Swift was incessant; and the skill, honour, and courage of the different departments were on trial.

All these formidable preparations filled Tregarth with dismay. The tactics were changed. There was now no trust to information for the purpose of seizing the cargo, but a determination to prevent the landing. Every soul in the village knew of the desperate venture, and every hope was for a safe and happy return.

The time when Lascare should arrive had been agreed on before his departure; and all signals were arranged, whether for the purpose of warning him off or of encouraging his approach, if such a course should be thought desirable.

Those who take only an ordinary notice of the weather may be unacquainted with the skill and foreknowledge of a seafaring population. Without any pretensions to science, and holding the barometer itself an unsafe guide, their predictions of storms, calms, rain, and frost, are wonderfully correct.

From the time when the Swift might depart, how many knots an hour she would sail with the wind in a certain quarter; how she would be retarded by a breeze in an opposite direction; what would be the delay in a calm, and what her course in a storm, were matters of easy calculation.

She was now expected to take her departure from the French port, and day after day and hour after hour a look-out was kept on the different hills of the coast.

For some days a feverish anxiety pervaded Tregarth. Old sailors who had passed their more vigorous days on the ocean, and were ending their career as fishermen, walked to

and fro with short turns, as if the limited space of a ship's deck prevented a more lengthened course. Their conversation was serious, and their voices subdued.

The banker wore care upon his brow. He was fidgetty and uneasy, moved about his office from place to place, very busy in useless occupation.

William Meadows felt the contagion of the gloom, for there were symptoms that his thriving trade was on the wane.

But the most interested in the future was Edith Lascare. She had an undefined feeling of anxiety, differing from her former experiences when her husband was at sea; and the preparations that were being made to intercept him, as well as the general anxiety of the town, had a depressing effect.

The wife of Ned Allen, the mate, went to her for sympathy; and others, less personally interested, were encouraging in their hopes, and tried by their company and discourse to relieve their apprehension.

On one of those mornings, a neighbour, who had witnessed her depression, called to inquire for her.

"My head," said Edith, "is heated and aching. I am always thinking, and I cannot



sleep; or I sometimes suppose I do not sleep; but whether I sleep or not I am always thinking and fearing. In the silence of last night I heard the latch of the door lifted, and Richard's voice say, 'Edith,' as he is accustomed to call when he arrives at night. I struck the light—threw on my cloak—and went hastily down. I unbarred the door and looked out. There was nothing to be seen but black darkness—awful darkness! I called Richard. All was silent! It was the silence of the grave!"

"I have no doubt," said her friend, "that it was in your dream that you heard it. I have been sometimes deceived myself, and thought some one was speaking, and found that it was only a dream."

"I suppose it was," said Edith; "but if Richard ever comes inside this door again, I will pray, as for my life, that he ventures no more. And for my life, indeed, it will be that I shall pray, for I cannot suffer like this and live."

Those who have climbed to the top of any of the precipitous hills that wind round the southern coast of Cornwall, may have seen the sea studded with vessels of every description; from His Majesty's ship *Britannia* to the small coasting sloop, whose destination was a neigh-

bouring port. Far off in the distance is the great highway, and sweeping the surface with a glass a crowd of vessels might be seen taking their course in all directions.

At this time no smoking steamers darkened the atmosphere; and valuable as recent inventions may be thought, they have not added to the beauties of land or sea.

The white sails, of every shape and size, were swelling in the breeze, and the dark hulls were gliding noiselessly to their destination. You might feel proud of the greatness of your country gazing on such a scene. There is a nation on the water, and a nation's wealth!

There is the large emigrant ship carrying hundreds of human beings to a strange country. They have been dazzled by hopes of better fortune; and novelty and preparation have hitherto cheered them on. *Now* they have time to think of what has been abandoned — home, friends, old associations—gone for ever! In these, at least, there was certainty; the future is doubtful. These things were never estimated at their full value until *now*—until it is too late to recall them.

That ship carries a freight of aching hearts! They are crowding the side that faces the green hills of old England; and are gazing, for the

last time, on the receding shores of their country.

“My native land—good night!”

But what are those three-masted vessels sailing eastward? They have just arrived from foreign strands, bringing back the exiles.

The men who left home in the spring-tide of life, are revelling in the prospect of their fire-side. But what a revolution will they see? They will look in vain for the home they deserted. Neighbours are new—friends have changed. Some are gone further a-field—strangers have taken their place. The poor have become rich; and the rich, poor! Some have married; and of others they read on the grave-stones of the churchyard! All is changed, and it is not the home of their youth. Besides these, there is a galaxy of smaller craft, looking so much alike that an ordinary observer is unable to distinguish any peculiarity. It is among these there is a vessel interesting to the people of Tregarth.

One of the weather-beaten tars appointed by the smugglers to watch for the Swift was not slow in marking her long, sharp hull, as she threaded her course amidst the multitude. She was “standing off and on,” according to

previous arrangement. He descended to impart the result of his observation to what may be termed the secret committee.

A serious and anxious consultation ensued. They were aghast at the preparations made to receive their favourite captain. For the first time a watch was placed on the island; and there were other appearances of resolute determination.

They resolved that the time of landing should be postponed, and the destination of the cargo altered.

Their code of signals were only applicable by night. They referred chiefly to the time and place of landing. In certain positions they gave encouragement to an approach, or warned the sailor that there was danger on the coast. It was determined that this last-named signal should be made; and the person who had descried the vessel was appointed to the service.

He was one of those retired seamen who had earned a small property in the course of much service. With this, supplemented by a little fishing, as his leisure or inclination might suggest, he lived in very comfortable circumstances.

He was much respected, as, indeed, were all the leaders, at that period, of this peculiar trade.

It would be difficult to convince any one, in the present day, that a community could at any time exist who believed the trade of a smuggler was as justifiable as any other calling; but it is notorious that persons, discharging their duties in every other relation of life, were, at that time, actively engaged in this illegal traffic. An exciseman, or an officer of the Customs, in their estimation, was an odious character, who accepted the pay of the State for the oppression of the people; and the rural population, not always excepting the occupant of the parsonage house, sympathized with their neighbours on the coast.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

It was deemed necessary that Lascare's wife should be informed that her husband was on the coast, and that it was desirable he should not immediately approach the shore. Tom Prescott was therefore commissioned to convey to her that information, and to light a fire on the hill at the west of Tregarth, when the night had sufficiently advanced, for the purpose of warning Lascare that danger was apprehended, and that he should keep his vessel cruising at a distance from the land.

As the old sailor knew that he must pass Edith's cottage on his journey to the hill, he postponed the disagreeable message until night drew nigh.

He found her sitting by the fireside. A book lay open on the small round table; but she was brooding, not reading. She had tried to read, but her thoughts wandered from the book, and, after several attempts to go on, she laid it aside.

Old Tom's friendly face was always wel-



come, for she could talk to him about Richard.

"I'm come to tell 'ee," said he, "that the Swift's outside."

Edith's face brightened up. It was the most cheerful news she had heard for many weeks.

"Shall I see him to-night?" said she, looking hopefully up.

"No; I'm goin' to signal to un to kip off."

There was a change on her brow. She did not speak. She was thinking, and trying to realize what that meant. At length she said, looking angrily at the old man,—“And what must he keep off for?”

“For his safety,” replied the veteran.

“And is it come to this, that Richard, having braved all the dangers, and remained a stranger to his home so long, dares not come to the land? It is an awful life. It is time now, uncle Tom (uncle was a term of respect for an elderly man), to give up this dangerous trade. Do all of you give it up, and urge Richard never to cross the Channel again.”

“Let me once see un safe, and I'll never ax un to go again.”

“Thank you for saying so. I have no rest or peace night or day. Whether it is that

I am weaker, or that these soldiers, with their swords clanking along the streets, have frightened me, I do not know; but I would give all I have in the world—I would be a beggar—if I could see Richard safe. I've had such dismal dreams, that when I'm awake I can't release myself from their painful impression."

"'Tisn't like it used to be," said Tom. "Ever since I was a boy, things has bin goin' wus and wus. At won time there wusn't a Preventive boat from the Bolt to the Dodman; *now* there's a boat every three miles. No cutters then; *now* there's a cutter allis upon the coast; and the sogers and the riding officers be for ever scouring the country. I wish a little war would spring up, to give 'em something better to do. I don't, in generl, make nothin' o' dreams, but I'm sartin 'tisin't allis that dreams comes to nothin'. I've bin very wisht myself lately; but, howsomever, we must take care o' Dick, come what may. I wish ee good evelin. I don't main to forebode nothin', but I'm feelin' very wisht."

We are now living in an age of science and philosophy. We are surrounded by persons who explain, or pretend to explain, everything, and who would tell us that the feelings

of Edith Lascare and Tom Prescott were engendered by superstition. "It may be sae," as Davie Deans would say, but we ourselves have not yet arrived at that superior knowledge; and we confess we have a feeling that there are times when "coming events do cast their shadows before them."

As we are only recounting matters of fact, however unaccountable they may appear, it is not our business to unravel them; but what followed belies the theory of learned men.

Old Tom Prescott had lighted the signal fires times without number; and now he departed to make a signal, warning Lascare to keep far from the shore.

We must leave the old man—impressed with an evil omen—wending his way over the hill that led to a distant peak, and relate what was taking place elsewhere.

Situated at the extreme end of the town, on a site scooped out of the eastern cliff, was the station of the Coast-guard, distinguished from the dusky houses around by the cleanness of the locality and whitewashed walls. In front stood the flagstaff, and on a rocky eminence towards the sea was the usual place of look-out.

Soon after dusk the chief officer called his

men together, who, according to the regulations of the service, stood armed to receive the orders of the night.

He was a lieutenant in His Majesty's navy, who had arrived at middle age, and had been appointed to this post in answer to repeated applications for employment.

When peace was proclaimed, there was a larger number of officers than was required for a peace establishment, bold, brave, and energetic, who chafed under their imposed inactivity.

Most of these, who were then called the dead weight, have departed, much to the gratification of the Chancellors of the Exchequer, who frequently lamented the burden of this legacy bequeathed by the war.

We are recording the history of very humble people, who lived in a remote and unimportant district, that is richly endowed by Nature with that wild, fantastic beauty which she frequently plants where fertility is denied; and perhaps we have no right to question the justice and magnanimity of the rulers of this rich and powerful realm. But we cannot forbear to remark that this generous nation was more anxious to promote the virtues that spring from adversity than to

reward with a competence the heroes on whose courage and skill during the war the safety of the kingdom depended.

Many a poor lieutenant, by the advent of peace, found himself surrounded by a family to be supported on ninety-five pounds a year, while he was expected to enter on no occupation unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

He was debarred from any honest calling for the sustenance of his family that he was capable of conducting, and obliged to support them in a state of semi-starvation.

In addition, he was sneered at as an accumulation to the dead weight, and his longevity was the subject of many a lamentation—he took so long to die.

The hero, lauded to the skies for his courage at the Nile and Trafalgar, found himself worse than useless when he had vanquished the foe, and landed on his native soil. This hound was not lashed because his teeth were decayed, but because his teeth were not wanted.

The lieutenant at Tregarth was more fortunate than most, for by his appointment in the Preventive force, in addition to his half-pay, he could keep the wolf from the door.

He was open and straightforward, a bluff sailor who had seen much service in different parts of the world.

He was well informed, if he was not well educated, for his associations at mess, and the stirring events of the time, were a tolerable substitute for education.

He conducted the duties of his office with as little inconvenience to his neighbours as the nature of the service would permit. He was not troubled with aristocratic connexions, and was conscious that he had no dignity to support more than the respectability of his profession. He could take his glass with his friends,—for he had many,—and if, after his indulgence, he could ramble to his home, he was thought not to have exceeded the bounds of sobriety.

“We are na fou, we are na fou,  
But jist a wee drap in our ee.”

He had been stationed for a long period, during the war, in the Bay of Fundy, and his jovial acquaintances always knew to what pitch of hilarity he had attained when his conversation turned on the Bay, from which he never emerged till the close of the feast.

Let not the world be too severe in judging



an officer who was a fair specimen of his class. He was bred in the ward-room in the grog-drinking days. It was with this kind of material that Nelson did his work, and however dainty we may be now, the whole nation at that time was affected with a love for the "rosy." The Prince of Wales and Charles Fox "got fou together," and Pitt himself at times saw two Speakers in the chair.

The lieutenant felt that the present was an important occasion, demanding all his skill and resolution, and, before dismissing his men to their appointed stations, he briefly addressed them on the duty they were expected to perform.

"I have received," said he, "a message from head-quarters that the Swift, ten days ago, was loaded, and ready for sea, and apparently only waiting the arrival of a favourable breeze for a quick passage. There has been a meeting this evening at Crocker's, and the smugglers are on the alert. You must meet your eastern comrade this night at twelve o'clock, and the western, at one in the morning. If the Government take the trouble to watch proceedings at Crosaix; they expect us to do our duty here, and woe to the man that fails.

“See that your arms are all right. Keep your ears open, and your eyes too, if the dark night will allow you to use them; but, above all things, prevent the appearance of a light. The smugglers watch us as we watch them, and if there is a stronger force in one place than in another, Lascare will know it—if you allow the light to tell him—five miles at sea. This is a prize worth looking after, and he that takes it will be made a man of.”

Having delivered this oration, which was very unusual, he dismissed his men, saying that he should visit them during the night.

Each started to his appointed station, in the thick darkness, impressed with the serious duty he had to perform. They took their separate routes on the pathways of the rugged and dangerous cliffs overhanging the shore, sometimes rising to an enormous height, and again descending to the level of the sea.

In the mean time, Tom Prescott had gone over the western hill, with a different object in view.

He had first to travel to a considerable distance inland, until he reached the summit, and then to change his course towards a lofty peak, conspicuous from the sea. He left the

highway, and passed through several fields, until he reached the place of his destination. In approaching this he had scrambled, that dark night, over high hedges; and it was only by his perfect knowledge of the locality, and by his keeping the light of the Eddystone in view, that he succeeded at length in arriving at the mound from which a signal was to rise of deep import to Lascare.

It was afterwards known that, taking into calculation the time of his departure and the distance he had to traverse, he must have waited a considerable time before he attempted to show the light. This was accounted for by the supposition that he heard footsteps from below, and waited an opportunity for the execution of his purpose. The material had been previously prepared, and lay concealed in a furze-brake, and everything promised a successful issue.

The pile was raised, the match lighted, the flames began to ascend; but it had scarcely illuminated the surrounding land, when a hoarse voice was heard.

“Make out that light!” shouted some one from below.

Tom made no reply. The fire continued to burn.

“Make out that light!” cried the voice again, in fiercer tone.

Tom felt that there was authority in the command; but poor Edith rushed into his mind. Then he thought of Lascare, the crew, the Swift, and the cargo.

“If Dick can’t see this light,” thought he, “he’ll be in jail to-morrow.”

He piled the fuel higher, and the glare threw a light on the whole peak.

“Make out that light, or I’ll fire!” cried the voice again, approaching nearer.

Tom slunk behind the pile. The flames rose higher. A flash was seen, followed by the report of a pistol.

The smuggler fell. He never spoke again. Before the watchman had arrived at the spot Tom Prescott had breathed his last.

It appeared that, standing on a rising ground behind the flame, he was distinctly seen by the other coming up the steep, and he shot him through the breast.

The unfortunate smuggler had succeeded in kindling the pile so thoroughly, that before he fell the blaze had reached its highest pitch, and the other had considerable difficulty in subduing the light.

To the mortification of the coast-guard, the

fire was seen from all the surrounding coast, and, whatever its object, there could be no doubt that it was successful.

When it had been extinguished, the man descended towards the shore, and was soon afterwards joined by two of his comrades, from both east and west, who had been attracted by the report of the pistol and the light.

The unhappy occurrence, both of the signal and the fatal shot, were justly deemed of grave importance, and, after a little consultation, the man who had fired was recommended to report the case to the officer in command.

Retracing his steps towards Tregarth by the pathway that skirted the shore, he reflected with anguish on what had happened, and trembled to think of the savage rage of the lawless men who would be soon aware of the unhappy deed.

He scrambled on, sometimes through brushwood and sometimes over the beach, until he heard footsteps approaching. He waited at first, then thinking it might be a comrade, he went on again.

“Who goes there?” cried the voice of the chief officer.

“Jenkins, sir.”

“What light was that burning on Barton Hill?”

“A smuggler’s.”

“That was your watch, Jenkins. How dared you allow that signal to be made?”

“I could not prevent it, sir.”

“How could that be?”

“I heard no noise whatever. The heap of furze and reed was in a blaze in a moment. When I got half-way up, I called to the man to make out the fire, and instead of doing that, he heaped up some more stuff and got behind the flame.”

“Why didn’t you tell the fellow that you’d fire at him?”

“I did, sir, and he took no notice.”

“Then why didn’t you fire?” asked the officer, in a rage.

“I did.”

“Well, what then?”

“There’s a man lying dead on the hill.”

“Good Heavens! Did you kill him?”

“I shot him dead, and the blood is running over his breast! I put my face to his mouth, but not a breath did he draw!”

“Did you see who he was?”

“I did. It is old Tom Prescott!”



“Poor fellow! What a service this is! If I could maintain my family without it, this night should be the last of this miserable post. Come with me to the station. There must be something done, and that quickly.”

The journey was passed in silence. After winding around the base of several hills, they arrived at the station.

Lieutenant Collins then ordered a light to be brought, and called Jenkins to his private room. The change in the poor fellow's appearance alarmed him. He left for duty in the evening a fresh and vigorous man. He now stood pale and trembling. His lips had a livid appearance, as if the blood was gradually becoming stagnated.

“Go to my house,” said the officer to the watchman. “Wake some of them, and tell them to send me some brandy.”

When the man was gone, he said,—“I suppose that you know that your life's in danger?”

“I know it, sir, but I hope you will protect me.”

“No. You shall have better protection than mine.”

“I hope, sir, I've only done my duty?”

“If you had not fired, you would have been

discharged; but whether it was your duty as a Christian, I do not know. You must go at once to Penwith with the letter I am writing. Give it to Lieutenant Yarnall. He will protect you until I receive directions from the Board."

By the time the letter was written the brandy had arrived.

"Here," said the officer, "take a glass of this, my good fellow, and then proceed with all dispatch, and take care that you arrive before daylight."

The man thanked his officer, and hastily took his departure, as if the avenger of blood was behind him.

He arrived at Penwith before daylight, and gave the letter to the watchman. It was addressed to the chief officer at Penwith, and marked "Immediate and Important."

The letter was at once conveyed to Mr. Yarnall, and ran as follows:—

"DEAR YARNALL,—A signal fire was made to-night on Barton Hill. No doubt Lascare is on the coast. The poor fellow who bears this fired at the man making the signal, and shot him dead. I have not sufficient force to protect him. Will you kindly keep him in

secrecy until I get instructions from headquarters?

“In haste,

“Yours very truly,

“ALFRED COLLINS.”

Lieutenant Yarnall had been on duty throughout the night, but on receipt of the letter, he left his bed, and hastened to the watch-house. He there found poor Jenkins, pallid with apprehension. He learnt from him the particulars of the night's proceedings, and, having first provided him with refreshments, secretly placed him in his private room.

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